



THE
O D E S,
E P O D E S,
AND
Carmen Seculare
OF
H O R A C E,
IN
ENGLISH VERSE.

To which is prefix'd
The LIFE of HORACE :
Written by S U E T O N I U S .

Translated from Dr. BENTLEY's *Latin* Edition,
by Mr. WILLIAM OLDISWORTH.

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THE
L I F E
O F
H O R A C E.
Written by *Suetonius*.

HORACE was of *Venusum*, and, as he says himself, Son of a Free-Man, who had been a Collector of Taxes; but he was thought to have been the Son of one who dealt in Puddings and Sausages, because a certain Person one Day scolding at him, said to him, *How often have I seen your Father wipe his Nose with his Elbow?* In the *Philippick* War, *Brutus* drew him into his Party, and made him a Tribune in his Army. After the Defeat of that Army, he bought the Secretary of the Exchequer's Place. The first Thing he aspir'd to was to get into the good Graces of *Mecænas*, which he soon obtain'd; and then he insinuated himself into the Fa-
your

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your of *Augustus*, and ever after had a considerable Place in the Heart of that Prince, and in that of his chief Minister. The Friendship which this Favourite had for him, abundantly appears in these Verses :
* *My dear Horace, if I don't already love you, as much as I do my own Bowels, I wish you may see me as dry and wither'd as Hinnus.* But his Affection for him appears yet more in that little Sentence which he wrote to *Augustus*, when he was on his Death-Bed: *I conjure you to be as mindful of Horace as of me.* *Augustus* offer'd him the Secretaryship, and wrote to *Mecænas* to that Effect, in the following Words: *Hitherto I have been able, without the Assistance of any Person, to write to my Friends; but being now over-whelm'd with the Weight of Business and Infirmities, I wish you would bring your Horace to me. He will then leave your Table, where he is only a Parasite, to come to my Royal Table, and will help me to write my Letters.* He was not in the least displeas'd at *Horace's* refusing this Office, but continu'd to be his Friend as much as ever. There are some of his Letters yet extant, which are a sufficient Proof of this, out of which I have taken what follows: *Prithee take some Liberty with me, as if you were my constant Guest, and don't be afraid of*

* *Ni te visceribus meis, Horati,
Plus jam diligo, tu tuum sodalem
Hinnu me videas strigiosorem.*

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offending me: For you know very well, that I wish you would live with me in this manner, if your Health could permit. And in another Letter; Our Friend Septimius can inform you after what Manner I remember you; for I happen'd to speak of you before him. Altho' you were so proud as to despise my Friendship, yet I do not return your Contempt of it by a reciprocal Contempt. Besides, in other Letters, he rallies him, calling him *the little Debauchee*, and *the very agreeable little Droll*. On two different Occasions he made him very rich Presents; he lik'd his Verses so well, and was so much persuaded that they would come down to the latest Posterity, that he not only order'd him to compose the *Carmen Seculare*, but likewise to sing the Victory of *Tiberius* and *Drusus*, and oblig'd him, for this Reason, to add a Fourth Book to the other three which he had publish'd a long time before. And after he had read some of his *Sermons*, he was offended that he had made no Mention of him, and complain'd of it in these Terms: *I would have you know that I am angry with you, that in most of your Writings you don't address to me. Do you apprehend that one Day it will be a Blemish upon your Reputation, to be thought to have been one of my Friends?* And by this he drew from him the Eclogue which begins thus: *Since you alone, Augustus, sustain the Weight of so many great and important Affairs, since you defend*

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send this Empire by your Arms, since you reform it by your Laws, and adorn it with good Manners, I should sin against the Publick, if I trespass'd upon your precious Minutes by a long Discourse. He was little and plump, as he says of himself in his Satyrs, and as *Augustus* says of him in this Letter: *Dionysius brought me your little Book, and such as it is, (not to complain of its Brevity) 'tis very acceptable to me. You seem to be afraid lest your Books should be bigger than your self; but what you want in Stature you have in Plumpness; and nothing binders but that you may write in a little Box, for your Book and you are much of a Size, and 'tis, like your Belly, very thick.* He spent most of his Time in his little Country House, in the Country of *Sabinum*, or *Tibur*, and his House is yet to be seen near the Grove of *Tiburnus*. Some Elegies under his Name have come to my Hands, and an Epistle in Prose, in which he seems to recommend the Care of his Fortune to *Mecænas*; but I am of Opinion they are spurious; for the Elegies are but vulgar, and the Epistle obscure; a Fault he was never guilty of. He was born on the 8th of *December*, under the Consulship of *L. Cotta* and *L. Torquatus*; and died in *December*, when *C. M. Censorinus*, and *C. A. Gallus* were Consuls, in his 57th Year, having nam'd *Augustus* for his Heir, his Illness not permitting him to sign a Will. He was bury'd at the farther end of the *Esquiline*, near the Tomb of *Mecænas*.

THE



THE
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

B O O K I.

O D E I. To MÆCENAS.



MÆCENAS, born of Royal Blood,
My noblest Patron, sweetest Good!
There are who all their Pleasure place
In Chariots, and the rapid Race,
Who in *Olympick* Plains contend,
And joy to see the Dust ascend.

These, when they win the Field and Prize,
Grow into Gods, and reach the Skies.
Another courts the People's Voice,
And doats on Offices and Noise:
The Farmer from the *Libyan* Plains
Gathers the Product of his Pains:
No Promises of Wealth prevail
To make him hoist a doubtful Sail,
To trust the Winds, and try the Flood,
And leave the Fields his Father plow'd.

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The Merchant, when by Storms beset,
 Commends a Country Life and Seat:
 But when the sudden Danger's o'er,
 Refits his Bark, and tries once more,
 And hates the Crime of being poor.
 The Toper underneath the Shade,
 Or near some Spring supinely laid,
 There all the Evening cheers his Soul,
 And crowns with *Massic* Wine the Bowl.
 The Soldier loves to shine in Arms,
 And hear the Trumpets shrill Alarms,
 That bid him to the Camp repair,
 The Hero's Sport and Matron's Fear.
 Unmindful of his tender Spouse,
 The Hunter roves through Frosts and Snows
 He spreads his Toils, his Dogs pursue
 The flying Boar, and Stag in view.

For me, a Poet's sacred Name,
 And Ivy Crown, is all I claim;
 In *Pindus'* breezy Shades I stray,
 Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance and play;
 Then all the Vulgar I despise,
 And to immortal Glory rise,
 If the indulgent *Muses* deign
 To let me sing in *Lyric* Strain,
 The Hero's Praise and Lover's Pain.
 Rank me amidst that Sacred Quire,
 Nor Men nor Gods can lift me higher.

O D E II. To AUGUSTUS.

I.

SURE 'tis enough! give o'er, dread Sire!
 To show'r thy stormy Hailstones down,
 To smite the *Capitol* with Fire,
 And rock with Thunderbolts the frightened Town.

II. Com-

II.

Compass'd with Prodigies, we fear'd
That *Pyrrha's* Warry Age was near,
When *Proteus* drove his scaly Herd
Up to the Hills and disposseis'd the Deer:

III.

When Fishes plaid among the Boughs,
And chac'd the fluttering Birds away:
When Doves took Wing, and frighted Does
Swam thro' the Woods and wander'd in the Sea.

IV.

We saw, when o'er *Etruria's* Plain
Great *Tiber* from his Chancel stray'd,
Prophanely waisting *Vesta's* Fane,
And Monuments of Kings in Ruins laid;

V.

Full of Revenge and fond Desire,
For *Ilia's* sake, he rais'd his Flood:
Whilst to the Left his Waves aspire,
Tho' *Jove* himself forbade th' uxorious God.

VI.

Our Youth shall hear the sound of Arms,
To gall the *Parthian* Foe decreed;
Shall rouze to War and fresh Alarms,
And for Paternal Crimes our Children bleed.

VII.

To what propitious Shrine or Pow'r
Shall the declining State repair?
How shall the *Vestal* Maids implore
Their angry Goddesses with incessant Pray'r?

VIII.

What Victim will great *Jove* admit,
T' avert a guilty Nation's Doom?
O *Phœbus*! vail thy Beams of Light,
And clad in Clouds, to our Assistance come.

IX.

Or thou, fair *Venus*! bring thy Train
Of Loves and Smiles and Am'rous Mirth:
Or thou, great *Mars*, revive again
Thy long forgotten Sons, and Fav'rite Earth.

X.

Let Streams of Blood and tedious War
 Allay thy Thirst, thy Rage appease;
 Tho' only Arms, the Sword and Spear,
 And Troops in close Array thy Godhead please.

XI.

Or dost thou, gentle *Maia's* Son!
 With ready Help protect the Good?
 Hast thou dissembled Youth put on,
 Deigning to purge the Earth from *Cæsar's* Blood?

XII.

Long may the Age enjoy thy Stay,
 O Great *Augustus!* and no Crimes
 Urge thy Return, or wing thy Way
 Back to the Gods, and thy own Heav'n, betimes.

XIII.

Long may'st thou here on Earth maintain
 The Names of Father, Good, and Great,
 Make the World happy in thy Reign,
 And from invading Foes secure the State.

O D E III.

SO may bright *Venus* glitter o'er the Deep,
 And the fair *Twins* with double Lustre shine.
 Whilst all the Winds within their Caverns sleep,
 But only those which favour thy Design;

If thou, dear Ship! from Storms and Wracks defend,
 And, as I wish and pray, betimes restore
Virgil, my better Half, my nearest Friend,
 And land him safe on *Athens* longing Shore.

Hard was his Heart, inclos'd in Folds of Brass,
 Who in a feeble Bark first boldly try'd
 The Watry Path and Region of the Seas,
 And adverse Winds and swelling Waves defy'd.

No

BOOK I. *The ODES of HORACE.*

5

No raging Storms could shock his mighty Soul,
Nor craggy Rocks by forked Lightning split,
Though *Northern* Blasts along the Ocean howl,
To which the *Adriatick* Waves submit.

Death in no Form could ever move his Fear,
Who calmly with attentive Mind and Eyes
The Horrors of the Deep unmov'd could bear,
And view the Monsters of the low Abyss.

The Earth by *Jove* was parted from the Main,
Who gave each Element its proper place:
But haughty Man obstructs what Gods ordain,
Since impious Ships the sacred Bounds o'erpass.

No Pow'r's the Pride of Mortals can controul,
Prone to new Crimes, by strong Presumption driv'n;
With sacrilegious Hands *Prometheus* stole
Cœlestial Fire, and bore it down from Heav'n.

That fatal Present brought on Mortal Race
An Army of Diseases: Death began
With Vigour then to mend his halting Pace,
And found a more compendious Way to Man.

With Human Wings, not form'd by Nature's Aid,
Whose noblest Works vain Art would oft excel,
Wise *Dadalus* the starry Realms survey'd,
Whilst great *Alcides* forc'd the Gates of Hell.

Nothing's so high, but what Mankind will dare,
Push to excess of Ill, and Crimes unknown:
Scarce will our Pride the Gods themselves forbear,
Or suffer *Jove* to lay his Thunder down.

O D E IV. To SESTIUS.

THE Winter melts away, the Spring takes place :
 Warm Winds the Icy Streams release,
 And Ships re-visit the neglected Seas.

The Cattel range afar, from Stalls let loose.
 No more the Hearth with Ashes glows,
 And snowy Meads their hoary Fleeces lose.

Venus in Pairs now calls again
 Her Nymphs and Graces, lovely Train,
 To dance by Moon-shine on the verdant Plain ;

There hand in hand they ply their nimble Feet :
 Whilst *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* sweat,
 And with loud Strokes their massy Anvils beat.

Now is the proper time to deck the Head,
 And Myrtle round the Temple spread,
 Or Flow'rs new springing from the Frosty Bed.

Now is the time, the Swains have so decreed,
 A bleating Lamb or tender Kid
 'To *Faunus* in the sacred Grove must bleed.

Intruding Death with equal Freedom greets
 The low built Hutt, and stately Gates
 Of lofty Palaces and Royal Seats.

Be wise, O *Sestius* ! to prolong forbear,
 Since Life is short, thy Hopes and Care :
 The Fabled Shades and gloomy State draw near.

Thou must e'er long, without Redemption, go
 To *Pluto's* dusky Realm below :
 Thy Revels and thy drunken Joys forgoe.

Then

Then *Lycidas* no longer shall be thine,
 Whose Charms our Sex at present win,
 For whom a thousand Virgins soon shall pine.

ODE V. *To PYRRHA.*

What well-shap'd Lover in the Rosie Shade,
 With fragrant Limbs and sweet Address,
 Shall to thy warm Embraces press,
 In all thy loose Attire and wanton Airs display'd?

Bright Charmer, nicely clean tho' Plain!
 How shall the Youth with sad Surprise,
 See angry Storms and Tempests rise,
 And all this Calm of Love break into fierce Disdain?

He doats, he raves with Bliss, whilst thou art kind;
 Ah Wretch! undone by Am'rous Smiles,
 Who sees thy Charms and not thy Wiles;
 For thou art light as Air, inconstant as the Wind.

Learn from my Fate; by Tides and Whirlwinds tost,
 I reach'd the Shore, half-drown'd in Brine;
 My Tablet hangs on *Neptune's* Shrine,
 To warn all other Sailors from the dangerous Coast.

ODE VI. *To AGRIPPA.*

VARIUS in never-dying Verse,
 Equal to *Homer's* Vein,
 Thy Deeds *Agrippa*, shall rehearse:
 Thy Triumphs on the Land and Main.

Whilst I no warlike Subject chuse,
 Too lofty for the Lyre:
 Nor tell of *Pelop's* bloody House,
Ulysses' Toils, *Achilles' Ire*.

How should I raise my flagging Wing
 Above the middle Skies,
 Of Heroes or of Gods to sing?
 Or how to Thee or *Cæsar* rise?

Who can *Mars* in Armour dress?
 Who *Merion's* dusty Stains?
 Who mighty *Diomed* express,
 Meeting the Gods on *Trojan* Plains?

Let me describe, in humble Strains,
 The Feats that Love has done,
 The Battels, Revels, Joys and Pains,
 Th' Amours of others and my own.

O D E VII. To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Whilst some praise *Corinth*, *Ephesus*, or *Rhodes*,
 Or *Mitylene*, or *Theffalia's* Plains,
 Or *Thebes*, or *Delphos*, both the Seats of Gods,
 For *Bacchus* there, and here *Apollo* reigns;

By others rich *Mycene* is preferr'd,
 Or *Argian* Tow'rs, that veil'd to *Juno's* Sway,
 Or those where *Pallas* rules, and every Bard
 Bears his own Native Olive Crown away;

Not *Sparta* hits so much my Humour's Bent,
 Nor fair *Larissa* in her proudest Dress,
 As *Anio* rowling from his high Descent,
 Or sweet *Albunea's* shady calm Recess.

Here

Here Echo in the Walks repeats my Song:
 Or when *Tiburnus*' gloomy Shades I trace,
 The Streams in Murmurs gently glide along,
 And greet the fragrant Orchards as they pass.

O *Plancus*, let the juicy Grape allay
 The Toils of Life, and deep corroding Cares,
 Whether in *Tibur*'s pleasant Woods you stray,
 Or in bright Armour follow Camps and Wars.

Sometimes the boist'rous *South* it self grows mild,
 Forgets to rage in Blasts, and Storms, and Rain,
 Clears the black Air, with Clouds and Horror fill'd,
 Disperses the Gloom, and brings back Day again.

When *Teucer* from his Native Countrey fled,
 To ease his Grief the sparkling Bowl he took:
 Amidst the Feast, with Poplar crown'd his Head,
 And thus his faithful drinking Friends bespoke.

We follow Fortune, Fortune is our Guide:
 Let none despair, whilst *Teucer* leads you on;
Phæbus another Countrey will provide,
 A second *Salamis* shall rise our own.

Courage, my Mates, in Dangers try'd before:
 In generous Wine your Cares and Sorrows sleep;
 To Day be merry and carouse ashore,
 To Morrow launch once more into the Deep.

O D E VIII. *To LYDIA.*

Will you persist, fair *Lydia*! to love on,
 On *Sybaris* exhaust your Charms?
 Now by the Gods, he's ruin'd and undone:
 For Fame no more his Courage warms;
 He hates the dusty Field and scorching Sun,
 Though once so well approv'd for Feats of Arms.

No more his Arms the manag'd Steed restrain,
 Nor stem with nervous *Strokes* the Flood;
 Suppl'd with Oil no more his Limbs sustain
 The massy Armour's weighty Load:
 His Hands the Jav'lin and the Quoit disdain,
 Which none so far with manly Vigour throw'd.

He's spoil'd, he's lost to Glory and Renown,
 Unmann'd, and made a Woman's Toy:
 So *Thetis* heretofore disguis'd her Son;
 Least the rough Habit of a Boy
 Should call him forth, and urge the Hero on
 Eager for War and Blood, and push the Fate of *Troy*.

O D E IX. *To THALIARCHUS.*

SEE how *Soracte's* Mountain scarce sustains
 Her hoary Load! what Frosts congeal the Woods,
 Bind fast the waving Seas in Icy Chains,
 And stop the rapid Current of the Floods!

Now let your Hearth with Piles of Billets glow,
 The *Sabine* Casks their mellow Charge diffuse:
 Dissolve the crystal Ice, melt down the Snow
 With never-ceasing Fires and sparkling Juice.

Leave all the rest to *Jove*, at whose Command
 The warring Winds their rough Contentions end,
 No more the Waves in curling Ridges stand,
 Nor Ash, nor Cypress to the Tempest bend.

Naught Future, no To-morrows Thee employ,
 The present Hour is thine, and this improve,
 Now in the Youth the Gift of Heaven enjoy,
 In sportive Dance, in Revels, and in Love.

Remove far off Old-age and late Decay;
 Now to the Walks and to the Ring repair:

At

At Night the lucky Moment calls away,
The gentle Whisper, and the yielding Fair.

In vain she flies to hide, but laughing shows
How you may find her out, and hold her fast:
And when you snatch some Favour, clasp it close,
Struggles a-while, but—lets it go at last.

ODE X. *To MERCURY.*

Great God of Wit, from *Atlas* sprung,
For Eloquence renown'd;
The Musick of whose charming Tongue
Refin'd Mankind, and Science found;

Of Thee upon the Lyre I sing:
To Thee the Lyre owes its Birth,
Ambassador of Heav'n's great King,
Admir'd for Witty Thefts on Earth.

For his stol'n Cows *Thee Maia's* Son
With Threats attackt a Child;
But when he found his Quiver gone,
Pleas'd with the Cheat *Apollo* simil'd.

Old *Priam*, by thy Conduct led
To great *Achilles'* Tent,
Unseen unhurt to *Ilium* fled.
Through *Grecian* Fires and Guards he went.

Thou sway'st the Regions of the Blest,
The Ghosts thy Scepter know,
A Favourite by all confess't
The Gods above, and those below.

ODE XI. To LEUCONOE.

SEEK not to know, what fated End
 The Gods for you or me intend,
 Nor lend to Magick Arts an Ear,
 But still against the worst prepare.
 With Unconcern let Life glide on:
 'Tis full of Toil, and quickly done.
 See, Winter rages on the Sea,
 And 'tis perhaps the Last you'll see.
 Be wise, enjoy the present Hour:
 Brisk Wine from smiling Goblets pour:
 Improve the Moments whilst they last,
 And snatch the Hours that fly so fast;
 To Day, let Hope prevent Despair,
 To Morrow is not worth your Care.

ODE XII. To AUGUSTUS.

WHAT Man? What Hero wilt thou claim?
 What God-head, *Muse*? For whom inspire
 Thy warbling Pipe or Lyre,
 While sportful *Echo* sounds thy dancing Name?

Whether in *Pindus*' Shades I rove,
 Or near the *Muses* sacred Spring,
 Or on cold *Hemus* sing,
 Whence tuneful *Orpheus* drew the list'ning Grove.

He knew to charm, or Earth, or Sky;
 Soon as his Mother's Harp he strung,
 The Trees with Ears were hung,
 The Streams forgot to flow, the Winds to fly.

What

What nobler Theme than he, who fleers
The World, obedient to his Sway,
Whom Gods and Men obey :
Who guides the Earth, and Sea, and fleeting Years ?

He claims the first and highest Place :
Nothing so great, so wise, above,
None Second is to *Jove*.
But *Pallas* next to him deserves our Praise.

I'll *Bacchus*' Fights exalt on high,
And fierce *Diana*'s Sylvan Arts,
And great *Apollo*'s Darts,
That from the fatal Bow unerring fly.

I'll sing *Alcides* and the *Twins*,
Renown'd on Horse-back or on Foot,
To push the Martial Rout :
Whose Star propitious to the Sailor shines ;

The Clouds disperse when they arise,
The warring Winds are hush'd asleep,
Serenely smiles the Deep,
And smooth the Surface of old Ocean lyes.

Shall I hehearfe wise *Numa*'s State,
Or *Romulus* th' immortal Man :
Or *Tarquin*'s haughty Reign
And pompous Life, or *Cato*'s nobler Fate ?

The *Scauri* lavish of their Blood,
Or brave *Fabricius* fond of Fame
Or *Regulus*, bright Name !
Or *Paulus*, ever glorious, though subdu'd ?

A homely Cott and private State
Produc'd *Camillus*, fam'd in War,
In Rules of Life severe,
And *Curius*, in his manly Roughness great.

Mar-

Marcellus, like a Tree, aspires
 To Glory, free from Noise and Care :
 Whilst the gay *Julian* Star,
 Like the round *Moon*, out-shines the lesser Fires.

Lord of Mankind ! the World's wide Sway,
 And *Cæsar's* Life, are in thy Pow'r :

 The *Fates* could give no more ;
 O truly great, whom *Cæsar* must obey !

Let *Cæsar* tame the distant *East*,
 And chace with just vindictive Arms
 Terror and dread Alarms,
 When *Parthian* Foes the *Roman* Coasts infect.

Cæsar and *Jove* shall rule the World ;
Jove on *Olympus* rides confest,
 In Pow'r and Glory drest,
 Whilst at polluted Groves his angry Bolts are hurl'd,

O D E XIII. To LYDIA.

WHILE *Telephus's* blooming Charms
 My *Lydia* praises to the Skie,
 His rosie Neck, and waxen Arms,
 With Spleen I burst, with Passion die.

'Tis then I rave, look pale, and pine :
 Then gentle Tears exhaling prove
 The secret Fire that lurks within,
 The secret wasting Fires of Love.

With Jealousie I rave and burn,
 To see you show your livid Scars :
 Your Lips with biting Kisses torn,
 In Revels and nocturnal Wars.

Believe

Believe me, *Lydia*, charming Maid,
 You'll never find those Lovers true,
 Who could your balmy Lips invade,
 Where Love distills his sweetest Dew.

Thrice happy they, whose Hearts are ty'd
 In Love's mysterious Knot so close,
 No Strife, no Quarrels e'er divide,
 And only Death fell Death can loose.

O D E XIV.

ILL fated Ship! to quit the Shores,
 And launch into the Main,
 On a new Voyage, without Oars,
 Thence never to return again!

The Winds have rent your Yard and Mast;
 Your Sail and Tackle's gone;
 A stormy Sea or sudden Blast
 Will soon your foundring Keel o'erturn.

No more the Gods will calm the Floods;
 Tho' thy Descent lay Claim
 To ancient venerable Woods,
 A boasted Birth, and useless Name.

The painted Forms that grace the Stern,
 Can't ease the Sailors Minds;
 Take heed, lest you too in your Turn
 Give new Diversion to the Winds;

For you I wish, for you I fear,
 Inur'd to endless Toils:
 Those Shelves and narrow Straights beware,
 That lye between the *Grecian* Isles.

O D E

O D E XV.

WHen *Paris* through the briny Tide
 Convey'd the *Spartan* Bride,
 The Winds were hush'd, the Sea was laid,
 Whilst *Nereus* in prophetick Strains his future Doom
 [display'd.

Unhappy Youth in such a Spouse,
 Whom *Greece* in Arms pursues,
 Sworn to regain the fatal Prey,
 And interrupt thy Joys and *Priam's* ancient Sway !

The final Fate of *Troy* draws near ;
 How raging is the War !
 What Troops, what Hurry, what Alarms !
Pallas assumes her Rage, her Chariot and her Arms.

In *Venus* and your well-comb'd Hair
 Is all your Hope and Care,
 Or on the tuneful Lyre to play,
 And softest, sweetest Sounds to Virgins Ears convey.

In rich Alcoves you sport and laugh,
 From Spears and Arrows safe :
 There mighty *Ajax* cannot wound ;
 But soon your fragrant Hair shall sweep the dusty
 [Ground.

Think on *Ulysses* sage and bold,
 And *Nestor* wise though old ;
Teucer and *Sthenelus* prepare
 To shake your Town with Arms, your trembling Heart
 [with Fear.

In Horses and in Chariots skill'd
 They range the bloody Field ;
Merion too shall give you Chase,
 And *Diomed* the bravest stoutest of his Race.

He

He shall pursue and threaten Death:
You tir'd and out of Breath,
Shall pant and heave along the Shores,
As from the brinded Wolf the frighted Lambkin scours.

Achilles shall defer the Date
Of your untimely Fate:
But e'er ten rolling Years expire,
The lofty Walls of *Troy* shall blaze with *Grecian* Fire.

O D E XVI. *To his MISTRESS.*

DO with my Satyrs as you please,
O fairest of your Name!
Or drown them in the Rapid Seas,
Or set them on a Flame.

Passion's a Madnefs in the Breast,
No God can blow it higher,
When *Bacchanals* or Priests possess'd,
The Frantick Pow'rs inspire.

Passion through Fire and Sword runs on;
Can Storms and Tempest stand,
Though mighty *Jove* himself rush down,
With Thunder in his Hand.

Prometheus from the Lyon's Heart
Took this bright Eager Ray,
And made it of Mankind a Part,
And wrapt it in our Clay.

By Passion great *Thyestes* fell,
The Cause of all his Woe;
It brings tall Turrets down to Hell,
And lays proud Cities low.

Then

Then prithee cease to *Pout* and *Fret*,
 The horrid Crime I own:
 When you suppress'd my Am'rous Heat,
 It broke into Lampoon.

Then I was Mad, but now I'll try,
 To make my Dear amends;
 Away with all this *Pish* and *Fie*.
 Let's Kifs, and so be Friends.

O D E XVII. *To TYNDARIS.*

F*Annus* from fair *Arcadia's* Shore
 Visits my homely Sylvan Seat:
 He saves my Flocks, with Guardian Pow'r,
 From pinching Cold and scorching Heat.

My Herds secure their Rambles take,
 On Thyme and fragrant Herbs they browse,
 Nor fear the angry hissing Snake,
 Or Rav'ning Wolves, their mortal Foes.

Here, Fair one, you may safely stray,
 Whilst the gay Plains their Sweets exhale,
 And on your Pipe soft Sonnets play,
 That Echo from the hollow Vale.

Their Poet to the Gods is dear,
 My Piety and Muse they love,
 Hence Plenty crowns my yellow Year,
 And Blessings flow in Streams from *Jove*.

Here to some Valley you'll retire,
 And sing the Hero and the Dame,
 Inchanting *Circe's* guilty Fire,
 Or Fair *Penelope's* chaste Flame.

Here

I. BOOK I. *The ODES of HORACE.*

19

Here you may take a chearful Glass
Of harmless Wine, beneath the Shade;

Your Hours in sweet Retirement pass,
Of no rude drunken *Sot* afraid.

No Jealous Lover here shall dare,
With impious Hands, your Charms to press,
Nor pull the Garland from your Hair,
Nor spoil the Beauty of your Dress.

ODE XVIII. *To* QUINTILIUS VARUS.

ON *Tibur's* Shore new Vineyards plant,
For 'tis the only Tree we want;
The Gods ne'er made a nobler Tree!
The Gods love drunken Souls like me.
They have a thousand Plagues in store
For sober Sots, whom Cares devour.
At Sight of *Bacchus*, Sorrows fly,
Spleen vanishes, and Vapours die.
Who in his Cups e'er made Complaint
Of pinching Penury and Want?
Or durst recite in rueful Strain
The Toils he bore the last Campaign?
When sparkling Bowls our Hours improve:
Then all our Talk is Wine and Love.
But still the *Centaurs* bloody War
Bids us of Strife and Blows take Care;
We know what *Bacchus* did in *Thrace*,
Nor will too far indulge the Glass.
Let Reason still keep in its Light,
And still distinguish Wrong from Right.
God of the Grape, I'll wisely use
Thy heav'nly Gifts, nor will disclose
Thy sacred Rites; do thou assuage
My burning Soul, and curb thy Rage:

Left

Lest to new hateful Crimes I run:
 Lest Vanity seize Reason's Throne,
 And wretched I to open Day
 The Secrets of the Night betray,
 And my Heart transparent grow,
 Clear as the Glass, that makes it so.

O D E XIX.

THE wanton *Queen* of loose Desires
 My Soul with Love re-kindled burns:
Bacchus foment the raging Fires,
 And all the Libertine returns.

Fair *Glycera*, divinely bright,
 With brilliant Eyes inflames my Heart,
 Her Cheeks diffusing beamy Light,
 Her wanton Airs, and winning Art.

Venus within my Bosom reigns,
 Forsaking her lov'd *Cyprian* Grove:
 She bids me cease my warlike Strains,
 And sing no other God but Love.

With verdant Turf adorn the Shrine,
 With fragrant Herbs her Altars bind:
 Pour forth the choicest, richest Wine,
 To make the Nymph and Goddess kind.

O D E XX. *To MÆCENAS.*

ONce, Dear *Mæcenas*! with your Friend
 To common *Sabine* Wine descend;
 'Twas cask'd that Day, *Rome's* Joy was heard
 In loud Applause, when you appear'd.

The *Vatican*, and *Tiber's* Stream,
 (*Tiber* from your *Etruria* came)
 Did with your wafted Praise resound,
 And *Echo* wanton'd with the Sound.

I know, your foaming Bowls run o'er
 With all *Campania's* richest Store,
 But my poor earthen Cups produce
 No such luxurious costly Juice.

O D E XXI.

Sing, ye Nymphs, *Diana's* Praise,
 Praise, ye Youths, *Apollo's* Name;
 Fair *Latona's* Beauty raise,
 That did the Thunderer inflame.

Sing the Goddess, who delights
 In tall Woods and shady Groves,
 Trips it on *Arcadia's* Heights,
 And cooling *Erymanthus* loves.

Lovely *Tempe* claims your Song:
Delos is *Apollo's* Isle;
 He the Vocal Lyre first strung,
 He loves the Bow and *Sylvan* Toil.

You shall pay your daily Vows,
 He shall make the State his Care;
 Far from *Rome* upon our Foes
 He pours out Famine, Plagues and War.

O D E

O D E XXII. To ARISTIVS.

THE Man with Virtue's Aid prepar'd,
 In Virtue finds the surest Guard;
 He needs nor Bows, nor Darts defence,
 Safe in his spotless Innocence.

The virtuous Man securely stands
 On *Scythian* Snows, or *Libyan* Sands;
 Or to the farthest *Indies* goes,
 Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

For, as by Am'rous Thoughts betray'd,
 Among the Woods I lately stray'd,
 I met a Wolf; the Salvage knew
 Unarm'd Integrity and flew.

Not warlike *Daunia's* Savage Coast
 Could such a well-grown Monster boast:
 No Beast so large infests the Plains
 Where Lions breed, and *Juba* reigns.

Me to the Northern Pole convey,
 Remote from Summer's cheerful Ray;
 Where endless Frosts and Snows appear,
 And Clouds and Cold bring round the Year:

Or place me near the burning Zone,
 To fry beneath the scorching Sun;
 Love and the Nymph shall ease my Toils,
 Who softly Speaks, and sweetly Smiles.

O D E

O D E XXIII. *To CHLOE.*

YOU shun me, *Chloe*, as a Fawn
To seek her Dam affrighted flies
Through every Mountain, Wood and Lawn,
And trembles at each rushing Breeze.

Her Breath alternate comes and goes,
If but a Lizard stir the Leaves:
And if the *Zephyrs* fan the Bows,
She starts and quivers, pants and heaves.

I follow not as Lions chace
Their fleeting Prey along the Plains:
Then leave your Mother's cold Embrace,
Since you are grown mature for Man's.

O D E XXIV. *To VIRGIL.*

THE mournful Muse, the Voice and Lyre
To weep *Quintilian's* Death conspire;
Such was his Worth, our Loss is such,
We cannot Love too well, or Grieve too much.

And does then Death's eternal Chain
Quintilian, best of Men, detain?
Ah! when will Faith and Justice find
So true, so great, and so sincere a Mind?

The Good, like him, lament his Fall,
But thou, great *Virgil*, more than all;
Thy pious Wishes were in vain,
The Gods were deaf, *Quintilian* was a Man.

Could

Could you, like vocal *Orpheus*, move
The dancing Trees and lit'ning Grove,
Your *Epick* Art, your winning Strains
Could never raise his Lifeless cold remains.

He's with the Shades, the nimble God
Has touch'd him with his fatal Rod;
'Tis hard: but Patience will give Ease
In all those Ills which Prudence can't redress.

ODE XXV. To LYDIA.

NO Scourers now your Walks infest,
In rusty Silence mourns your Gate;
No Serenades disturb your Rest,
Or Rakes beneath your Windows wait.

Your Lovers from your Lodgings fly:
No more you hear the Mid-night Song:
Ah, can you Sleep, and let me Die,
Die with Cold thus all Night long?

In hopes of Cullies you may haunt
The Streets and Allies, wet and dry,
And only hear the Laughters taunt
And rally, as they pass you by;

Whilst all the Rage of hot Desire,
With which the madding Mares are stung,
Sets every batter'd Limb on Fire,
And Spleen with Satyr arms your Tongue:

Then how you curse the young and gay!
For only those the Fellows mind,
But send what's stale and in decay
To *Lapland*, with the first fair Wind.

ODE

O D E XXVI. *To his MUSE.*

I Doat on Poetry and Mirth;
 Let Sorrow in the Ocean drown:
 What is't to me who Rules the North?
 Or if rude Cares surround a Throne?

O lovely Muse! O darling Maid!
 Take all the fragrant Flow'rs that grow
 Around the Springs, or in the Shade,
 And weave a Crown for *Lamia's* Brow.

You, Goddess, all my Fame bestow;
 Prepare your Harps, your Pipes, your Lays:
 For all the Nine to *Lamia* owe
 The sweetest Songs and highest Praise.

O D E XXVII.

With Cups for gentler Sports design'd
 Let Salvages engage,
 Our *Bacchus* is to Peace inclin'd,
 And not to brutish Rage.

Who can rough Arms, and Battels bear,
 With Wine, and drinking Joys?
 Then let each Toper keep his Chair,
 And cease this horrid Noise.

If you would have me take my Glass,
 Let yonder Youth impart
 His present Pains, and name the Lads
 That now inflames his Heart.

If he denies me my Request,
 This Moment I am gone:
 Whatever Nymph disturbs his Rest,
 He need not blush to own.

Come tell it softly in my Ear:
 The Secret's safe with me.—
 Alas, then do you doat on her?
 How wretched must you be!

No winged Force, no heav'nly Pow'r,
 No God nor Magick Art,
 When such a Monster would devour,
 Can save your bleeding Heart.

O D E XXVIII.

CLOSE by the Shore a Span of Earth contains,
 O mighty Man of Art! thy last thy great Remains;
 Whose penetrating Mind and skilful Hands
 Measur'd the Heav'ns and Earth, and number'd all the
[Sands.

Vain is thy Learning now: Thy active Soul
 No more shall trace the Stars, or travel to the Pole.
 Repine not: *Tantalus* is gone before,
 Who boasted of the Gods his Guests, and many He-
[roes more.

Tithonus is a Ghost, long since forgot!
 And *Minos*, whom the Gods their secret Councils
Pythagoras, in Nature deeply skill'd, [taught.
 Though in the *Trojan* War he wore a massy Shield,

And only then his Flesh and Figure lost,
 Is sent a second time to *Pluto's* gloomy Coast.
 The Race of Mortals must to Death submit,
 And tread the darksome Paths of everlasting Night.

Some

Some in the Field with mangling Wounds are slain ;
And others buried low in the devouring Main.

No human Arts the cruel Fates beguile, [Pile.
But Old and Young in heaps crowd to the mournful

By luckless Stars and raging Tempests tofs'd,
On the *Illyrian* Shore untimely I was lost.
O courteous Sailor ! see me gently laid,
And heap the rolling Sands on my devoted Head ;

So may thy Vessel scape the Storms and Floods,
And ev'ry Tempest spend its Fury on the Woods :
So may great *Jove* and *Neptune* crown thy Pains
With due Returns of Wealth, and never-ceasing Gains.

If you reject my Pray'r, in future Times [Crimes ;
Your wretched Heir shall mourn for old Paternal
You too when dead may suffer in your turn,
Expos'd upon the Shore, a Coarse without an Urn.

The Pow'rs above shall listen to my Vows, [pursues ;
Whilst Vengeance from the Gods your guilty Head
Then haste, and gently lay me in the Dust,
And after hoist your Sails, and seek a Foreign Coast.

O D E XXIX. *To Iccius.*

A *Rabian* Wealth and warlike Spoils
Are all your future Hope and Care,
Since you are bent on *Martial* Toils,
And for the haughty *Mede* new Chains prepare.

What Captive Wives of Heroes slain
Obsequious shall attend your State ?
What noble Youth the next Campaign
Shall fill your Wine, and at your Table wait ?

The rapid Streams with monstrous Force
 May upwards climb the Mountain's Brow,
 Ascending *Tiber* change its Course,
 And backwards from the frighted Ocean flow;

Since you your New-made Armour take,
 And tho' you promis'd better things,
 Your Study and your Books forsake,
 To follow bloody Wars and fighting Kings.

ODE XXX. To VENUS.

Queen of Love! forsake a while
Paphos, and the *Cyprian* Isle;
 To a brighter Shrine repair:
Glycera attends you there.

Let each *Nymph* and every *Grace*
 And young *Cupid* fill the Place,
Youth by Beauty made polite,
 With the nimble God of Wit.

ODE XXXI. To APOLLO.

Son of *Jove*! To thee I pour
 My sacred Wine and solemn Vows;
 Give me not the yellow Store
 Of Corn that on *Sardinia* grows;

Nor the Wealth that *India* yields,
 Nor Herds that on *Calabria* stray,
 Or the fertile Farms and Fields,
 Where *Liris* eats his silent way.

They

They who large Possessions boast,
May revel underneath the Vine;
They who trade to some far Coast,
May fill the Bowl with gen'rous Wine.

Let the Gods the Merchant bless,
And give him three Returns a Year:
Herbs and Roots and Olives please
My Taste, as well as nobler Cheer.

Give me Strength and Pow'r to use
The Sweets of Life that glides away;
Let me still enjoy my Muse,
Nor ever doat whilst I decay.

O D E XXXII. *To his HARP.*

CHarming Shell! If in the Shade
You and I have ever play'd
Songs that may outlast a Year,
Now begin a *Roman* Air.

Thee with *Martial* Ardor fir'd
Great *Alcaeus* first inspir'd:
Thee in Camps and on the Main
Still he taught the Vocal Strain.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Venus and her Boy he sung;
Lycus was his chiefest Care,
Arm'd with jetty Eyes and Hair.

Joy of *Phæbus*, lovely Lyre!
Thee the feasting Gods admire:
Thee I greet, thy Pow'rs controul
All my Cares, and charm my Soul,

O D E XXXIII. To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

BE not griev'd, my Friend! to find
 A Woman Faithless and Unkind;
 Nor in soft Elegy complain,
 Because a Rival gives you Pain.

Fair *Lycoris* doats, you see,
 On *Cyrus*; He on *Pholoe*;
 But Wolves and Kids shall sooner join,
 Than such a Rake That Beauty win.

Fair and Ugly, False and True,
 All to great *Venus*' Yoke must bow:
 Such Pleasure in our Pains she takes,
 And laughs to see what Sport she makes.

I my self, tho' once belov'd,
 Forsook a First-rate Nymph, and rov'd
 To give a Fickle Jilt the Chace,
 Unconstant as the Winds and Seas.

O D E XXXIV.

ONce I contemn'd the Gods, their Pow'r deny'd,
 When frantick *Epicurus* was my Guide;
 But now that vain Philosophy I scorn:
 At once to common Sense and Virtue I return.

Jove spoke the loud Conviction from on high,
 And hurl'd his Bolts and Chariot through the Sky;
 Compass'd with Glory and with Flames he rode,
 And all the Subject World confess'd the Sov'reign God.
 The

The Earth and Ocean felt the dreadful Blow,
That shook the gloomy Realms of Hell below,
The lofty Hills beneath his Thunders bow'd,
And venerable *Atlas* trembled as he stood,

The Heav'nly Pow'rs can raise or can depress,
Or overturn us Mortals as they please.
Fortune to Day will mount him to a Crown,
And the next Moment pull her new-made Fav'rite
[down.

O D E XXXV. *To FORTUNE.*

DRead Queen! whom num'rous Slaves adore,
Whose strong Almighty Arm can save,
And raise the prostrate Wretch to Wealth and Pow'r,
Or change a stately Triumph to a gloomy Grave:

The haughty Rich and humble Poor
Thy Empire own, thy Aid implore;
The Sailor and the Farmer bend to thee, [Sea.
They who invert the Glebe, and they who plow the

The Cities, Kingdoms, Nations fear,
The barb'rous World, and Potent *Rome*;
Thee haughty Dames, and Mother Queens revere,
And purpled Tyranny from thee expects its Doom.

Thou in thy Anger can'st o'erthrow,
And lay the stately Column low:
Or push the mad tumultuous Rabble on,
To shake a well-built State, or overturn a Throne.

Where-e'er thou lead'st thy awful Train,
Necessity still stalks before:
Whose brazen Hands the Hook and Nails retain,
The Plummet and the Wedge, the Emblems of her
[Pow'r.
Fidelity

Fidelity in white Array,
 And eager *Hope* still guard thy Way ; [Mind,
 Though thou take Wing, and change thy fickle
Fidelity stands firm, and always stays behind.

The faithless Mob and perjur'd Whore
 Retire, as soon as thou art flown ;
 Not one true Friend stays to assist the Poor :
 All shun the needy Wretch, when his last Cask is run.

O mighty Queen ! propitious smile
 On *Cæsar*, bound for *Britain's* Isle :
 And make those gallant *Roman* Troops thy Care,
 Who to the distant *East* their Conqu'ring Banners bear.

When shall we have our fill of Blood ?
 Or when enjoy the Sweets of Peace ?
 A vile degen'rate Age, averse to Good ! [cease ?
 When will our publick Crimes, and sad Disorders

What Pow'r or Vengeance have we fear'd ?
 What God, or Shrine, or Altar spar'd ?
 Be kind, great Goddess ! save our sinking State,
 And turn thy Rage and Arms upon the Men we hate.

O D E XXXVI.

With Sacrifice and Songs attone
 The Gods, who did my Wishes crown,
 And to my Arms brought back again
 My *Numida*, just come from *Spain* ;
 To him his Friends their Joys impart :
 But only *Lamia* fills his Heart ;
 They ever faithful, ever true,
 Together liv'd, together grew.
 With a white Mark appoint the Day
 For Drinking, Mirth, and am'rous Play ;

BOOK I. *The ODES of HORACE.* 33

In foaming Goblets pour the Wine,
And let the active Dance begin.
Fair *Damalis* shall baulk her Glafs,
To fill her *Numida's* Embrace.
The Rose, the Lilly, and each Flow'r
Shall join to dress the fragrant Bow'r:
Fair *Damalis* all others scorns,
And only for her Hero burns:
She twines her Arms around his Waste,
As Ivy close, as Ivy fast.

O D E XXXVII.

NOW let the Bowl with Wine and Mirth be
Let antick Measures beat the Ground: [crown'd,
In costly Robes let every Shrine be dress'd,
And Luxury and Pomp adorn the plenteous Feast.

'Twas Criminal but lately to produce
The hoarded Cask and potent Juice,
When *Egypt's* Queen, with frantick Pride o'ercome,
Menac'd the lofty Walls and warlike Pow'rs of *Rome*.

Compas'd with Eunuchs, an inglorious Guard,
Above her Sex her Hopes she reer'd:
And drunk with Fortune's Smiles rush'd on,
At once to make the Empire of the World her own.

But *Cæsar* taught her Soul to fear at last,
When the mad *Amazon* he chac'd,
As in her Bark from *Italy* she fled,
And saw her blazing Fleet with hostile Flames bespread.

So the swift Pidgeon skims the liquid Air,
Chac'd by the Hawk; just so the Hare
Through snowy Fields the *Thracian* Hunter flies,
As *Cæsar* nimbly row'd to win the Royal Prize.

She, more than Woman, haughtily disdains
 To wear a *Roman* Victor's Chains;
 She scorn'd the Sword, and dar'd her Fate to meet;
 Nor fought in Coasts remote, a mean, yet safe Retreat.

With Looks serene her Palace she survey'd,
 Prostrate in Dust, in Ruins lay'd:
 Then snatch'd the hungry Aspects to her Breast,
 Whilst on her vital Blood the bloated Monsters feast.

Daring she dy'd, but knew not how to fear,
 Nor could with tame Submission bear
 Beneath the Conqueror's proud Wheels to bow,
 Or, like an abject Slave, grace the *Triumphal* Show.

O D E XXXVIII.

P*er*sian Pomp and costly State,
 Garlands and Perfumes I hate;
 Be not too curious to compose
 The flow'ry Sweets and fragrant Rose.

Why should you and I be fine,
 Underneath a scanty Vine?
 Let Myrtle Wreaths my Brows adorn,
 All other Crowns but that I scorn.

The End of the first Book of ODES.



T H E
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

B O O K II.

O D E I. To ASINIUS POLLIO.


 Old is your Muse, to sing in lofty Strain
 The Terrors of a *Civil* War;
 How far it rag'd, and whence it first began:
 What various Turns distinguish'd every
 To what a height the Faction's Senate ran: [Year:
 What Streams of Blood were split, whose Vengeance
 [yet we fear.

Hard is the Task, yet worthy such a Pen:
 You tread on Quick-sands, pass through Fires;
 Defer awhile the bloody *Tragick* Scene,
 To guard the State, the State thy Aid requires:
 Then take th' *Athenian* Buskin once again,
 And finish the great Work thy Godlike Muse inspires.

In thee the Injur'd a sure Patron find :
 Thy Voice the awful Senate sways ;
Dalmatia's Conquest did thy Temples bind
 With never-fading Green and deathless Praise.
 Such is thy Genius, such thy Warlike Mind,
 No Art to nobler Heights the pompous tail can raise.

Methinks I hear the horrid Dinn of Arms :
 Bright gleaming Armour paints the Field :
 The rattling Trumpet pours its dread Alarms :
 The Brave lye low in Dust, the Valiant yield :
 Revenge and Honour the stern Warrior warms,
 And ev'ry Breast but *Cato's* is with Horror fill'd.

Juno, or some revengeful angry Pow'r,
 That lately guarded *Lybia's* Coast,
 Unable to protect her Fav'rite Shore,
 Repays at last whatever *Africk* lost ;
 Satiates her thirsty Rage with *Roman* Gore,
 And with our slaughter'd Sons atones *Jugurtha's* Ghost.

Each *Latian* Province, ev'ry Field and Plain,
 The Marks of Civil Fury show ;
 What Coast, what Countrey wants that bloody Stain ?
 Whilst the proud *Persian* triumphs in our Woe.
 The blushing Rivers, and discolour'd Main,
 With *Roman* Slaughter dy'd, in Sanguine Surges flow.

Intestine Broils, and bloody Camps and Fights
 But ill become the wanton *Muse* :
 In Sports and Am'rous Pleasures she delights,
 Nor farther the Heroick Strain pursues,
 But droops her Wings, and near the Shades alights,
 And for the gentle Lyre a softer Theme shall chuse.

O D E II. *To C. CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.*

HOW dim is Gold, how faint it shines,
When hid below in dirty Mines?
Still as it spends, more bright it shews,
And takes its Value from its Use.

When Fame of *Proculëius* sings,
She mounts on Everlasting Wings;
His free and gen'rous Actions prove
A Father's in a Brother's Love.

The Man who curbs his vicious Mind,
When to base Avarice inclin'd,
A nobler Empire far maintains,
Than he who o'er all *Africk* reigns.

'Tis great this Passion to controul,
For 'tis the Dropfie of the Soul:
Unless you purge each sickly Vein,
'Twill Thirst, and Drink, and Thirst again.

Virtue ne'er reckons with the Blest,
The Man who sways the potent *East*:
No specious Names, no false Disguise
Can cheat her clear unerring Eyes:

Only to him she gives the Crown,
And puts the Laurel Garland on,
Who against Bribes undaunted stands,
That neither touch his Eyes nor Hands.

O D E

O D E III. To DELIUS.

BE calm, my Friend! be easie and sedate,
 And bend your Soul to ev'ry State:
 However Fortune smiles or knits her Brow,
 Let not your Passions rise too high, or sink too low.

Be calm, tho' heavily thy Moments pass,
 Or tho' reclining on the Grass
 You spend the Day in Mirth, and chear your Soul
 With rich *Falernian* Liquor from the sparkling Bowl.

There, where the Poplar and the stately Pine
 Meet in the Shade, and closely twine,
 To form the Bow'r with thick intangled Bows,
 And where the limpid Stream in curling Murmurs
 [flows;
 Now let your Slaves their Wines and Odours bring,
 And all the Flow'rs that grace the Spring,
 Whilst Plenty lasts, whilst you are gay and young,
 And the indulgent *Fates* your Silken Thread prolong.

You must your Fields and pleasant Seat forego,
 Where *Tiber's* yellow Waters flow;
 You must to *Pluto's* gloomy Realm repair,
 And leave your heaps of Wealth to a luxurious Heir.

What matters your high Blood and noble Birth,
 When you are tumbled low in Earth?
 'Tis the same thing, if naked on the Shore
 You lye expos'd a Prey to Hell's relentless Pow'r.

In the eternal Urn our Lots are cast,
 And to the Shades below we haste;
 The grisly *Ferryman* shall waft us o'er,
 Thence never to return to Earth's bright Confiners more.

O D E

ODE IV. *To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.*

BLush not to own the gentle Dame,
Who wins your Heart, yet stains your Blood;
When nothing in the World could tame
Achilles, to a Slave he bow'd.

Stern *Ajax* stoop'd from all his Pride,
To wear *Tecmessa's* humble Chain;
Atrides midst a Triumph dy'd,
By one of his own Captives slain.

'Twas then, when *Illyum's* lofty Tow'r
Was lay'd in Dust, her Forces kill'd,
And *Troy*, when *Hector* was no more,
No longer could maintain the Field.

Perhaps when *Phyllis* is your Bride,
You'll find your Blood much higher run,
Your self to some great House ally'd,
Whose fall her present Tears bemoan.

Think not, a Nymph so free and fair
Could ever come of vulgar Race:
There's something Noble in her Air,
We read her Lineage in her Face.

I gaze, when in full Bloom she shines,
Her Eyes her Charms can safely bear:
My Age to forty Years inclines,
In me you need no Rival fear.

ODE V.

THE Nymph you love is Young and Wild,
In *Cupid's* active Game unskill'd;

Her

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Her Limbs are yet too weak to prove
The vig'rous Feats of sprightly Love.

She in the Meads, or on the Grass,
Among the Girls securely plays;
Or near some River's cooling side,
Where Willows grow, and Waters glide.

How can you taste what's Raw and Green,
A tender Thing, not yet Fifteen?
Stay till you see the Bloom arise,
And Ripeness wanton in her Eyes;

She'll meet you then in full-blown Charms,
And spring with Joy into your Arms,
When Time has borrow'd from your Years,
And plac'd the full Account to hers.

Not *Pholoe* the Coy and Fair
In Beauty shall with her compare;
Not *Gyges* shall more Conquests own,
Whose Form outshines the Silver *Moon*.

Him if among the Maids you place,
His flowing Hair and blushing Face
Would hide his doubtful Sex so well,
Who only looks, could never tell.

O D E VI. *To SEPTIMIUS.*

THough I am bound with you for *Spain*,
Resolv'd to make one more Campaign,
To see the *Straights*, and sunny *Moor*,
That never felt the *Roman* Pow'r:
Yet still I wish, that *Tibur's* Seat
May be my last, my sweet Retreat,
Where I may rest from dangers free,
Weary'd with Toils by Land and Sea:

Or let the Fates indulgent blefs
 Their Fav'rite with a safe Recess,
 Where fair *Galesus* Waters run,
 And fam'd *Phalantus* fix'd his Throne:
 There's not a Corner of the Earth,
 So form'd for Plenty, Joy and Mirth;
 No richer Land, no better Soil,
 Afford such Honey or such Oil;
 Here neither Heat nor Cold can hurt,
 The Springs are long, the Winters short:
 Nor can *Falernian* Hills produce
 A better Vine, a nobler Juice.
 Here you and I may gently pass
 The sweet Remainder of our Days:
 Here, when your Friend, your *Horace* dies,
 You shall observe his Obsequies;
 Kindly his glowing Ashes mourn,
 And drop a Tear into his Urn.

O D E VII. *To POMPEIUS VARUS.*

WHich of the Gods my gen'rous Friend preserv'd,
 And brought him to his Native Land?
 With whom so long ago in Arms I serv'd,
 When *Brutus* did our Troops Command:
 With whom such Toils I bore, such Dangers try'd:
 Thou dearest to my Soul of all Mankind beside!

With thee I march'd to fam'd *Philippi's* Plain,
 But could not stand the Bloody Field;
 Whilst daring Heroes mingled with the Slain,
 Unmade for Arms, I dropt my Shield.
 With thee the smiling Hours I oft consum'd,
 With sprightly Joy inspir'd, with *Syrian* Oil perfum'd.

Me, midst the dreadful Rout and Dinn' of Arms,
 The God of Wit and Eloquence

Wrapt

Wrapt in a Cloud, and sav'd from fighting Harms,
 And timely came to my Defence:
 Whilst War's strong Tide returning as before [bore.
 Thee in her Whirlpool caught, and to new Slaughter

Now then, to *Jove* make good your solemn Vows,
 And underneath my Laurel rest:
 Spare not the Hoghead destin'd for your use,
 Forget your Toils, and crown the Feast;
 From costly Shells the breathing Odours pour, [oe'r.
 And let the pond'rous Bowl with sprightly Wine run

What Slave with Myrtle Wreaths shall crown our
 What Sovereign, what drunken Lord, [Brows?
 Shall the fair Queen of Love and Beauty chuse,
 To rule the Feast, and sway the Board?
 Since you are come, with Freedom I resign
 Each Faculty and Sense, to Friendship and to Wine.

O D E VIII. *To* BARINE.

I Should believe whate'er you swore,
 Had Vengeance from some injur'd Pow'r
 With the least spot your Beauties stain'd,
 Your Iv'ry Teeth, or snowy Hand:

But you, though perjurd and forsworn,
 Your Gods as well as Lovers scorn,
 And still shine out more Bright and Fair,
 The publick Grief and publick Care.

'Tis your Delight to break your Vows,
 Though by the Urn that does enclose
 Your Mother's sacred Dust you swear,
 By ev'ry God, and ev'ry Star.

You think, the Queen of Beauty smiles,
 To see your little wanton Wiles:

The

The harmless Nymphs admire your Arts,
And *Cupid* laughs, and whets his Darts.

Your Lovers with your Crimes increase,
And still pursue and still address;
Whilst of your Falshood they complain,
And curse, but cannot break the Chain.

The aged Sire and tender Maid,
Are of your brighter Charms afraid;
Each Bride observes her Husband's Eyes,
Lest your's his wandering Heart surprize.

O D E IX. *To VALGIUS.*

THE Show'rs that beat upon the dreery Plain,
Soon spend their Rage and quickly cease;
The Storms are lay'd that vex'd the rolling Main,
And a new Calm succeeds, and smooths the smiling
[Seas;

Armenia's Fields shake off their Chains of Ice,
Nor labour with eternal Snows;
The Winds are hush'd that lately shook the Trees,
And stript the verdant Honours from their naked Bows:

But you with endless Grief, incessant Moan,
That knows no Measure and no End,
Salute the rising and the setting Sun,
Still weep your mighty Loss, your dear departed Friend.

Not so old *Nestor* once bewail'd his Son,
Nor wept incessant o'er the dead;
Nor so, when youthful *Troilus* was gone,
Their everlasting Tears his *Phrygian* Sisters shed.

Then be appeas'd: let Girls and Children mourn;
A nobler Theme demands your Care,

To

To sing what Laurels *Cæsar's* Head adorn, [Year :
What Spoils and Trophies won, to grace the present

What Captive Streams in humble Murmurs glide,
To kiss the mighty Victor's Feet ;
What vanquish'd Troops on narrow Confines ride,
Whose Lands to *Roman* Arms and *Roman* Bounds sub-
[mit.

ODE X. To LICINIUS MURENA.

'TIS best the middle way to keep,
And not decline to either Hand,
Nor launch too far into the Deep,
Nor steer your Course too near the Land.

Who neither wants nor wishes more
Than what befits an even State,
Avoids the Curse of being Poor,
The Plague and Torments of the Great.

On the tall Pine, and stately Tow'r.
Its force the raging Tempest spends ;
When Lightnings play, and Thunders roar,
The highest Mountains soonest bends.

The Man, who arms his steady Breast
To stand unmov'd the worst of Ills,
When Fortune frowns, still hopes the best,
And fears the worst, whene'er she smiles.

The Pow'rs above the Seasons guide ;
Though now it rains 'twill quickly shine,
Apollo lays his Arms aside,
And tunes his Harp to Lays Divine.

When Clouds grow thick, be bravely wise,
With Patience guard your constant Mind :

But

BOOK II. *The ODES of HORACE.*

45

But if a merry Gale arise,
Contract your Sails, nor trust the Wind.

ODE XI. *To QUINTIUS HIRPINIUS.*

WHat is't, my Friend! to you or me,
What's done on t'other side the Sea?
Whether our Armies push the War
To Realms unconquer'd and unknown?
Be easie still, and free from Care:
Life is soon satisfy'd, and quickly done.

Beauty and Youth fly fast away,
And with 'em Love and wanton Play:
The Flow'rs forego their fading Green,
The Silver Moon declining wains:
Mind not what's future and unseen,
Nor anxiously enquire what *Jove* or Fate ordains.

Here underneath some shady Tree,
Let's stretch at Ease, from Sorrow free;
With Odours grace the verdant Bed,
With fragrant Flow'rs our Foreheads crown;
Weave rosie Garlands for the Head,
And in full Bowls our Cares and Troubles drown.

Whilst yonder limpid River strays,
What Slave shall cool each flagrant Glass?
Or who to our Embraces bring
Fair *Lyde*, with her Iv'ry Lyre?
Bid her make haste, to toy and sing,
Drest in full Beauty and her loose Attire.

O D E

O D E XII. To MÆCENAS.

IT ill becomes the *Lyrick* Strain
 Of Battels and of Camps to tell,
 What Slaughter dy'd the *Punick* Main,
 How *Hannibal* was slain, and *Carthage* fell;

How the mad drunken *Centaurs* warr'd,
 And pour'd at once their Wine and Blood:
 How, when the Gods their Safety fear'd,
Alcides' Arm the Rebel Race withstood.

You in just History and Prose,
 Can best describe a Mortal God:
 What Triumphs *Rome* to *Cæsar* owes:
 How on the Necks of Captive Kings he trod.

I, by the *Muse*'s strict Command,
 Sing of *Licimnia*'s Magick Voice,
 Her Eyes, whose Beams no Heart can stand,
 Her Soul, how true, how faithful to its Choice!

How sweet her Wit, how great her Mien!
 When in the active Dance she treads:
 And midst the Nymphs distinctly seen,
 At chaste *Diana*'s Feast the Revels leads.

For one so Constant, and so Fair,
 You would all *Phrygia*'s Wealth forego:
 And justly prize her fragrant Hair
 Above the Sweets that in *Arabia* grow,

See how her Snowy Neck she turns,
 To meet the fiery eager Kifs!
 She sometimes snatches what she scorns,
 And dearly loves the Pleasure she denies.

O D E

O D E XIII.

UPon a Day by Fate accurs'd
Thou, a pernicious Plant, wert nurs'd;
Set by some vile unlucky Hand,
A Plague and Burden to the Land.

That guilty Hand was surely dy'd
With the deep Crime of Parricide;
Or with the Slaughter of some Guest
Defil'd the bloody imp'ous Feast.

Poyson or something worse had stain'd
With lasting Guilt that luckless Hand,
Which on my harmless Grounds and me
Bestow'd this fatal falling Tree.

Who can foresee what is to come?
Or who prevent impending Doom?
The Sailor minds the Winds and Tide,
And dares all Elements beside.

The *Parthian* fears a *Roman* Foe;
The *Roman* dreads a *Parthian* Bow;
While silent Death still sweeps away
The World, her everlasting Prey.

How near was I to Realms of Night?
Where *Mines* does in Judgment sit;
Where pious Shades walk o'er the Plains;
Where *Proserpine* and Darkness reigns:

Where *Sappho's* warbling Measures tell,
By what disastrous Cause she fell:
Alcaeus in sublimer Strains
Of Toils by Sea and Land complains.

The

3

The Ghosts stand round them, and admire
 The Virgin's Voice, the Hero's Lyre;
 The listning Crowds with Pleasure hear
 The Fall of Kings and Feats of War.

Ev'n *Hydra* does his Rage unbend,
 And all his hundred Heads attend:
 Such Musick charms each knotted Snake
 Which in long Curls the Furies shake.

The tortur'd Ghosts forget their Pains,
 And catch with Joy the Heav'nly Strains;
Orion all his Care forgoes,
 And lets his bridled Lyons loose.

O D E XIV. To POSTHUMUS.

THE fleeting Years pass on apace,
 And grey Old-age draws near,
 Death knows no Mercy, no Delays,
 Nor Vertue's self will spare.

No *Hecatombs* can e'er atone
 The sullen King of Hell;
 He calls all Human kind his own,
 Since the first Heroes fell.

All, who of Breath and Food partake,
 Must cross the gloomy Shore;
 Be ferry'd o'er the *Stygian* Lake,
 The Wealthy and the Poor.

In vain we fly the Toils of War,
 And Dangers of the Main;
 Or *Autumn's* sickly Season fear,
 When Plagues and Fevers reign.

Down to *Cocytus* we must go,
 Where Ghosts are doom'd to turn,
 With fruitless Toil and endless Woe,
 The rolling Stone and Urn.

Here you must leave the Nymph you love,
 Your Fields, and pleasant Home;
 And only Cypress from the Grove
 Attend you to your Tomb.

Then your rich Wines, your hoarded Store,
 Fit for a Prelate's Feast,
 Your Heir shall on the Pavement pour,
 When you are gone to Rest.

O D E XV.

What Piles and stately Domes are rais'd
 Where late the shining Plow-share pass'd?
 What vast Canals, dug deep and far,
 Like mighty Lakes or Seas appear?

The Flower-bed and Myrtle Shade
 The Olive and the Elm invade:
 In Scents and Show we grow profuse,
 Careless of Plenty and of Use.

Thick Ever-greens luxurious grown,
 Produce no Fruit, admit no Sun:
 When *Romulus*' and *Cato*'s Rules
 Prevail'd, the Age knew no such Fools.

Their Faults were few, their Fortunes small,
 For on the State they lavish'd all;
 Then no new modish Seats were built,
 Founded on Vanity and Guilt:

D

Some

Some City or some Shrine was rear'd;
 For Gods and Men their Bounty shar'd;
 Whilst they enjoy'd, with sweet Content,
 What Fruits and Simples Nature lent.

ODE XVI. To GROSYPHUS.

THE Sailor longs and prays for Ease,
 When Storms grow loud on every side,
 And far from Shore his Vessel seize,
 Whilst all the Lights of Heav'n are hid.

For Ease the Warlike *Thracian* fights,
 That never can be bought or sold;
 For this the *Mede* in Arms delights,
 Preferring Ease to heaps of Gold.

Nor Wealth nor Honours can allay
 The inward Troubles of the Great;
 Nor chase those Swarms of Cares away,
 That still attend on Pomp and State.

He, who is happily possess'd
 Of what the Golden Mean requires,
 Never resigns his balmy Rest
 To slavish Fears or vain Desires.

'Tis foolish to enlarge our Views,
 Since Life is short and quickly done;
 In vain we would new Climates chuse,
 But never from our selves can run.

Nor Martial Troops, nor Ships of War,
 Can ever leave black Care behind,
 That still pursues them in the Rear,
 Outstrips the Stag, outflies the Wind.

'Gainst

'Gainst future Ills there's no Relief;
The present Good is always best:
Be wise, and mingle Joy with Grief,
Since nothing is compleatly blest.

Achilles was untimely slain;
Tithonus felt a slow Decay;
The Gods in various Lots to Man
Their Favours and their Frowns convey.

You num'rous Flocks and Herds possess,
The fruitful Cow and neighing Mare;
You in your Chariot loll at ease;
You the best richest Scarlet wear.

I with my Little am content,
And of my *Lyrick* Genius proud;
Since the good Gods their Vot'ry lent
A Soul, that can despise the Crowd.

O D E XVII. *To MÆCENAS.*

DO not oppose a just Decree;
The Fates ordain, and I have vow'd,
Not to out-live the Day you die;
You my best Friend and sweetest Good.

Think not, since you and I are one,
That *Horace* can himself desert;
Or live when half his Soul is gone,
Or stay behind his better Part.

Thus Hand in Hand we'll greet the Shades:
'Tis so resolv'd and fix'd by Fate:
I'll follow where *Macenas* leads;
Our Lives shall have one common Date.

Should dire *Chimera* guard the Way,
Or he who wields a hundred Hands,
Still I'd rush on without Delay,
So Justice, and so Fate commands.

What-ever luckless Planet sways
My Birth, the *Scorpion* or the *Scales*,
Or *Capricorn*'s portentous Rays,
Who o'er the western Main prevails;

Your fatal Star agrees with mine,
And both our Lives and Deaths unite:
Jove did on you indulgent shine,
And sav'd you from old *Saturn*'s Spite.

For you the Crowds their Raptures tell,
Your Safety and their Joy proclaim;
On me a Trunk unheeded fell,
But *Faunus* to my Succour came:

He favours Wit, to him I'll yield
The Offerings which my Vows decreed:
Whilst you some Shrine or Temple build,
For me a tender Lamb shall bleed.

O D E XVIII.

NOR Ivory, nor glittering Plate
Enrich my House with pompous State;
No Columns from the *Parian* Mine
Beneath a Roof of Cedar shine;
I nor the gaudy Structures boast,
Nor Wealth that *Attalus* engroft;
No Purple Robes my Limbs adorn,
By numerous Attendants born:
But still I plead my well-known Right
To Friendship, Honesty, and Wit;

Th:

The Wealthy court me though I'm poor,
 Nor will I ask the Gods for more:
 My *sabine* Farm supplies my Wants,
 I need no Places, beg no Grants.
 The Hours and Days glide swiftly on,
 And ev'ry Month renews the Moon.
 You make your Seat more gay and fine,
 Just as your sinking Years decline,
 Build on new Plans for those to come,
 Unmindful of your Grave and Tomb;
 Destroy the Lands you now possess,
 'To dig Canals as wide as Seas;
 Remove the ancient sacred Bounds,
 Encroaching on your Neighbour's Grounds.
 Your Tenants quit their peaceful Home,
 And for their haughty Lord make Room;
 They and their Wives seek new Abodes,
 Their wretched Sons, and exil'd Gods.
 Give o'er this Vanity and Pride;
 The Fates another Home provide;
Pluto's capacious gloomy Seat
 Must be your last, your sure Retreat:
 The Prince and Peasant, Rich and Poor,
 March Hand in Hand on *Lethe's* Shore:
 No Gold could bribe the Pow'rs below,
 To let the fam'd *Prometheus* go;
 The God of Hell in endless Chains
 All *Tantalus's* Race detains,
 And frees the Poor from Toil and Woe,
 Whether they worship him or no.

O D E XIX.

THE God of Wine on a wild Mountain stood ;
 (Let future Times the mystick Tale approve)
 He taught the Nymphs and Satyrs of the Wood,
 Who to attend his Songs forsook the Grove :
 With Ears erect all to the Audience crowd ;
 Ev'n I his Raptures feel and dread the God I love.

Great Pow'r ! who wields the sacred Ivy Spear ;
 Ease my full Breast, thy wonted Rage restrain :
 Let me proclaim the Beauties of the Year,
 And sing thy Rites, thy frantick Virgin Train :
 How Wine and Milk compleat our plenteous Cheer,
 Whilst thro' the luscious Comb the Trees their Honey
 [strain.

I'll sing how *Pentheus* and *Lycurgus* fell,
 And by their Deaths thy just Revenge confess'd ;
 Of thy *Ariadne's* Silver Locks I'll tell,
 Whose Charms the number of the Stars increas'd :
 By thee the fruitful Hills the Vale excell ;
 Thou turn'st the rapid Streams, and lull'st the Sea to rest.

Thee the mad Crew of *Bacchanals* adore,
 That shake in twisted Knots their dangling Hair :
 When Heav'n was scal'd, thy single Arm and Pow'r
 Rescu'd the Gods, and turn'd the doubtful War ;
 The Giants felt thy Force and heard thee roar,
 Wrapt in a Lions Form that fill'd their Troops with Fear.

Till then thy mighty Godhead was asperst,
 As only bent on Luxury and Ease,
 Distinguish'd at the Gambol and the Feast ;
 But now thy warlike Arm insur'd Success,
 Redeem'd thy Brother Gods, their Foes dispers'd,
 And gave the World above a sure and lasting Peace.

Re-

Thee *Cerberus* with Awe and Dread beheld,
Bearing aloft thy Horns of beamy Light;
He wagg'd his fawning Tail, with Pleasure fill'd;
Did at thy Feet his forked Tongue submit,
And as you travers'd the *Elysian* Field,
Welcom'd so great a Guest, and spoke his fond Delight.

ODE XX. *To MÆCENAS.*

ON new uncommon Pinions born,
To nobler heights I rise;
My former Shape and Residence I scorn,
I kick the subject Earth, and mount the upper Skies.

My high Descent and Birth I boast;
These earthy Dregs despise:
I'll not be banish'd to the *Strygian* Coast,
Nor own the Pow'r of Fate, nor condescend to die.

Chang'd to a Swan in Milk-white Down,
I feel my Legs grow light:
My Arms and Shoulders put new Feathers on;
I clap my New-born Wings, and urge th' impetuous
[Flight.

Like *Icarus* I float in Air;
Thence with a curious Eye,
Survey the *Hellepontick* Straights from far,
And whence the *North* begins, and where the *Syrtes*
[lye.

From *Colchis* and *Gelonia's* Shore,
I pass to Realms unknown;
To *Dacia*, priding in her warlike Pow'r,
Thence to the rough *Iberian*, and the rapid *Rhone*.

Say not, I dy'd ; nor shed a Tear,
Nor round my Ashes mourn,
Nor of my needless Obsequies take care ;
All Pomp and State is lost upon an empty Urn.

The End of the Second Book of ODES.





THE
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

B O O K III.

O D E I. To ASINIUS POLLIO.

AWay the Vulgar, whom I scorn and hate!
All with attentive Silence wait,
While I, the *Muses* Priest, long Silence break,
And to the list'ning Youths in mystick Num-
bers speak.

Kings by Superior Might their Empire sway,
But Kings themselves great *Jove* obey;
He awes this World with his Imperial Nod,
The Gyants felt his Bolts, and own'd the Victor God.

Mankind in Fortune's various Favours share:
Some stretch their rich Possessions far;
Some on the Bench, or at Elections shine;
Others a deathless Name by generous Actions win.

The Courtier of his Equipage is proud,
When num'rous Slaves his Levees crowd,
But Rich, and Poor, and all, must meet at last,
When in the fatal Urn their mingled Lots are cast.

Whilst the drawn Sword hangs o'er the Tyrant's
Though with the richest Dainties fed, [Head,
No more he relishes the luscious Feast,
Nor hears the warbling Song invite to balmy Rest.

Rest is the Portion of the careful Swain,
Nor does the humble Cot disdain;
But lulls the Shepherd stretch'd on *Tempe's* Field,
Fann'd by the cooling Gales the gentle *Zephyrs* yield.

He who enjoys his All, nor covets more,
Minds not the Sea, secure on Shore,
Nor racks his Breast with black tormenting Cares,
Though Storms attend the rising or the setting Stars.

Unmov'd he sees the Vineyards rent with Hail,
The Fields disrob'd, the Harvest fail,
The fertile Product of the Orchat lost, [Frost.
Burnt up by scorching Heats, or numb'd with chilling

The Tyrant Landlord, and his num'rous Train
Of toiling Slaves, contract the Main;
Upon the Ocean's Banks new Structures raise,
And from their wonted Haunts the injur'd Fishes chace.

But though he climbs aloft to upper Air,
He cannot shun intruding Care:
Care overtakes the Ships that nimbly glide,
And warlike Cavaliers, when in high Pomp they ride.

Since then, nor rich Perfumes, nor flowing Wine,
Nor Pavements from the Marble Mine,
Nor purple Robes the least Relief impart,
To ease a troubled Spirit, cure a wounded Heart;

Why

Why should I think my Happiness compleat,
 In a new lofty modish Seat?
 Why change my little Store and Peace of Mind,
 For Pomp perplex with Cares, and Wealth with Tor-
 [ments join'd?

O D E II.

LET the gay Youth be train'd to bear
 The Hardships and Fatigues of War;
 To dart the Lance, and rein the Steed,
 And make the haughty *Parthian* bleed.

Let him, inur'd to Camps and Arms,
 Rouse at the Trumpet's shrill Alarms;
 When from the hostile Turret seen
 By some fair Princess or young Queen,

She fighting cries; Alas! my Spouse!
 Do not too rashly charge such Foes:
 Grant Heav'n! you shun yon dreadful Man,
 Who, Lyon-like, lays waste the Plain!

Who would not for his Countrey die,
 When 'tis as vain as base to fly?
 What Coward can out-run his Fate?
 For Death comes on as we retreat.

Virtue with Native Lustre shines,
 And still pursues her just Designs:
 'Tis not to please the giddy Town,
 She takes, or lays her Honours down.

Virtue still finds new Ways to rise,
 And free Admission to the Skies:
 She scorns the Crowd, and homeward bound
 Takes Wing, and spurns the misty Ground.

Next Virtue, Silence claims a Place:
 He who his God or Friend betrays,
 Should never hoist a Sail to Sea,
 Or ever live at Land with me.

Jove sometimes in an angry Mood,
 Mingles the Wicked with the Good;
 But Vengeance moves with Leaden Feet,
 Yet will, though slow, the Guilty meet.

O D E III.

HE, who by Principle is sway'd,
 In Truth and Justice still the same;
 Is neither of the Crowd afraid,
 Though civil Broils the State inflame;
 Nor to a haughty Tyrant's Frown will stoop,
 Nor to a raging Storm, when all the Winds are up.

Should Nature with Convulsions shake,
 Struck with the fiery Bolts of *Jove*;
 The final Doom, and dreadful Crack,
 Cannot his constant Courage move:
 By Arts like these, *Alcides* fam'd in Wars,
 Was to the Gods advanc'd, and *Pollux* to the Stars.

With these *Augustus*, Heav'nly Guest,
 Sits down, and puts the Nectar round:
 These Arts brought *Bacchus* to the Feast,
 By Tygers drawn, with Godhead crown'd;
 These rais'd *Quirinus* to the blest Abodes;
 When *Juno* smiling thus bespoke th' assembled Gods.

A foreign Dame and foolish Boy,
 Who by false Judgment urg'd my Hate,
 Conspir'd to ruin wretched *Troy*,
 And hasten'd its untimely Fate;

E'er

BOOK III. *The ODES of HORACE.* 61

E'er since the Founder of that perjur'd House [Vows.
Deny'd the Gods their due, and broke his solemn

I to *Minerva* join'd my Pow'r,
To crush the vile detested Race;
Old *Priam's* Palace is no more,
And *Helen's* fair bewitching Face;
My *Greeks* are sated with the *Phrygian* Blood,
Though *Hector's* Sword so long their conqu'ring Arms
[withstood.

Here all our mutual Quarrels cease;
At length the 'Ten-years Toil is done;
Great *Mars* my Anger shall appease,
And I accept his warlike Son:
Here let him with Immortal Beings sit, [Light.
With *Nectar* crown the Bowl, and grace the Realms of

Whilst he enjoys eternal Ease,
And *Troy's* demolish'd Tow'rs
Are parted by the middle Seas
From fair *Italia's* Shores,
His exil'd Sons new Empires shall adorn,
So long as Flocks and Herds insult old *Priam's* Urn.

There let the Cattel graze and breed,
Whilst *Rome* her lofty Tow'rs shall crown
With Trophies from the vanquish'd *Mede*,
And give new Laws to Realms unknown;
Extend her Terrors and her Glory far, [bear.
And through the subject World her warlike Eagles

Where the Globe's better half divides,
There let them unmolested Reign,
Far as the *Middle Ocean* glides,
But still from Sacrilege abstain;
And leave to its first harmless Parent Earth
The bright bewitching Oar; nor give the Idol Birth.

Where Nature's utmost Limits end,
Let Fame display their high Renown,

And

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And to each Clime their Arms extend,
 The frozen *Isles*, and *Torrid Zone* :
 Whilst *Troy* in deep eternal Ruins lies,
 Let *Rome's* auspicious State on her Foundations rise.

'Tis on these Terms that Empire stands :
 Should their ambitious forward Race,
 With superstitious wicked Hands,
 Rebuild that most detested Place ;
 Once more it should be sack'd, its Children bleed ;
 Whilst I, the Wife of *Jove*, my conqu'ring *Grecians*
 [lead.

Should *Phæbus* with a brazen Wall
 Three times her haughty Tow'rs surround,
Troy should three times unpity'd fall
 By *Grecian* Arms, and kiss the Ground ;
 Three times her Matrons should lament the Slain,
 And thrice her Captive Sons endure the Victor's Chain.

Stay, Muse ! For whither would you fly ?
 'Tis not for your less lofty Wing
 To reach *Jove's* firm Decrees, too high
 For you, an humble Maid, to sing :
 Do not the Speeches of the Gods debase,
 Nor sink the mighty Theme with low unequal Lays.

O D E IV. *To CALLIOPE.*

Descend, Celestial Muse, inspire
 Thy own *Apollo's* vocal Lyre ;
 Or on the Pipe, or with thy Voice prolong
 Thy ever pleasing Lays, and never dying Song.

Attend my Raptures, and be still ;
 'Tis not a frantick Rage I feel ;
 But in *Elysian* Shades and Groves I stray,
 Where *Impid* Waters flow, and gentle Breezes play.
 Upon

Upon a Mountain tall and steep,
When tir'd, I lay'd me down to Sleep,
Beyond *Apulia's* Bounds; and round my Head
Th' officious Doves a verdant Cov'ring spread.

'Twas wond'rous thought by all the Swains,
By him who tills *Ferentum's* Plains,
Or in the *Bantine* Woods and Forests lives,
Or on the sunny Top of *Acherontia's* Cliffs;

That neither Snakes nor Beasts of Prey
Should bite or wound me, where I lay;
A bold courageous Youth! with Myrtle crown'd;
Whom the good Gods inspire, with Guardian Care sur-
[round.

Still I am Yours, ye sacred *Nine*!
Whether the *Sabine* Hills confine,
Or cold *Praneste's* Seat your Bard detains,
Or *Baia's* gentle Streams, or *Tibur's* fruitful Plains.

The *Muses* did their Poet shield,
At fam'd *Philippi's* bloody Field;
And from the falling Tree and stormy Main, [Swain.
To grace their sacred Spring, preserv'd their grateful

When you are kind, when you are near,
I think no Ill, nor Danger fear;
Supported by your Aid, secure I stand
Amidst the roaring Winds, or on the burning Sand.

Guided by you, I safely pass
Gelonia's Bounds, and warlike *Thrace*,
The *Scythian* Streams by endless Frosts confin'd,
Or *Britain's* distant Shores, to Foreigners unkind.

When *Cesar* and his Troops retire
And quit the Field, the vocal *Quire*
Lead to their Bow'r the Victor cloy'd with Wars;
With Songs refresh his Mind, and sooth his rising Cares.
You

You smile to see Mankind grow wise,
 And just and good, by your Advice;
 From you we learn, you in sweet Numbers tell,
 How *Titan's* monstrous Race by forked Lightning fell.

By him they fell, whose awful Hand
 The Liquid Main, and solid Land,
 Cities and Empires, Hell and Darkness sways;
 Whom every God above, and Man below, obeys

They on their num'rous Arms rely'd,
 And dar'd the Gods with impious Pride;
 Mountains on Mountains, Rocks on Rocks they pil'd,
 And each Immortal Breast with Dread and Terror fill'd.

But *Mimas* falls, *Typhæus* flies;
Porphyrion of enormous Size,
 And *Rhæcus*, and *Enceladus* were slain,
 Who whirl'd the Rocks on high, and naked left the Plain.

Soon as they saw the blazing Shield
 Of *Pallas* shine, they left the Field;
 When *Vulcan* rag'd, and *Juno* met the Foe, [Bow:
 And *Phœbus* aim'd his Darts, and strung his sounding

He, us'd to gentler Arts than War,
 Wantons and bath'd his flowing Hair
 In fair *Castalia's* Stream, or lightly roves [Groves.
 Through *Lycia's* Sylvan Brakes, or his own *Delian*

The Gods are ever good and kind
 To Courage, when with Conduct join'd;
 But Brutal Force in a bad Cause they hate;
 And soon it sinks beneath its own unwieldy Weight.

This Truth let monstrous *Gyges* own,
 By the victorious Gods o'erthrown;
 And He, who stung with lustful Fury try'd
Diana's Virgin Charms, and by her Arrows dy'd.

The

The Earth bewails her impious Race,
Transfix'd with Light'ning's pointed Rays,
Hurry'd to *Pluto's* gloomy Cells below,
Whilst *Ætna's* dark Abodes with endless Sulphur glow.

On *Tityus'* Liver Night and Day
The Vulture feeds, and guards her Prey;
With him the fam'd *Perithous* complains [Chains.
Of Tortures worse than Love, and more enduring

O D E V.

WHEN *Jove* in Thunder speaks his Pow'r,
Though he's unseen, we know he reigns
But *Cæsar's* visible, whom all adore,
Since *Britain* feels his Yoke, and *Persia* wear his Chains.

Where is *Rome's* ancient Honour fled?
Could those who follow'd to the Field
Where *Crassus* fought, with base *Barbarians* wed,
And twice made Slaves, to a new Bondage yield?

The Flow'r of *Italy* is gone;
In *Median* Camps they spent their Blood;
Forgot the *Vestal* Fires and sacred *Gown*,
Though *Jove* still smil'd, and *Rome* unconquer'd stood.

'Twas not by Principles like these
That *Regulus* deserv'd his Fame;
But urg'd the Senate never to release
Their Pris'ners lost in War, nor stain the *Roman* Name.

To endless Chains he doom'd the Slave:
Have I not seen, the Patriot cry'd,
Our *Roman* Arms to *Punick* Altars cleave, [dy'd?
Not rough with manly Wounds, nor yet with Slaughter
Have

Have I not seen our free-born Sons
 Coupled in Bonds, in Triumph show'd,
 Through Gates wide open, and unguarded Towns?
 Whilst Harvest grac'd the Fields which we had sown
 [with Blood.

Will he that's ransom'd with a Price,
 Return more active to the Fight?
 Alas! You pay too dear for Cowardice:
 Nor can the Wool, once stain'd, regain its native White.

Virtue once banish'd from the Mind
 To her first Seat no more returns:
 Will Slaves grow valiant, or the hunted Hind [Horns?
 That escapes the Toils, engage, and wield her warlike.

Will he, by his own Valour, save
 His Countrey in a second War,
 Who in the first at *Carthage* was a Slave, [Fear?
 His Back with Fetters gall'd, his Soul benumb'd with

'Tis a Mock-fight, where Soldiers owe
 Their Lives, regardless of their Fame,
 Not to their Swords, but a forgiving Foe:
 O *Carthage*, justly great! O *Rome*, a hated Name!

Thus he, then with a stern Regard,
 Fixt on the Ground a Martial Look;
 And like a Criminal, for Death prepar'd,
 His Wife and clinging Sons from his Embraces shook.

The doubtful *Senate* heard his Cause,
 At length confirming what he spoke;
 Unheard of Council, worthy our Applause [broke.
 Whilst through his crowding Friends the glorious Exile

Too well he knew his savage Foes
 Their Racks and Tortures had prepar'd;
 Yet still prest on, and from their Arms got loose
 Who with Officious Force the dreadful Passage guard.
 So

So calm and unconcern'd he went,
As if retiring from the Bar,
With thronging Clients cloy'd, with Pleading spent,
To fair *Tarentum's* Fields, to taste the Countrey Air.

O D E VI.

UNhappy *Romans!* doom'd to bear
The Load of your Forefathers Guilt;
Till by your Piety and Care
Our Shrines and Temples are rebuilt:
You reign by bowing to the Gods Commands,
From this your State arose, on this your Glory stands.

Your impious Land already wears
The Marks of Vengeance from on high
Feels the yet smarting *Parthian* Scars,
And blushes with ignoble Dye;
When from *Monases'* Arms your Squadrons fled,
And *Rome's* collected Spoils adorn'd the Victor's Head.

The *Dacian* and the sunny *Moor*
By Sea and Land their Forces bent,
At once to sink the *Roman* Pow'r
When Civil Rage the Empire rent;
When like a Deluge Vice triumphant reign'd,
And a degen'rate Race the Marriage Rites prophan'd.

Hence the Contagion first began,
And reach'd our Blood, and stain'd our Race:
The blooming Virgin, ripe for Man,
A thousand wanton Airs displays: moves,
Train'd to the Dance her well-taught Limbs she
And fates her wishing Soul with loose Incestuous Loves.

The

The Bride her lustful Rake invites,
 Before her Husband's Face to toy;
 She stays not for his drunken Fits,
 Nor in a Corner tastes the Joy;
 But in her Cuckolds Presence tells her Charms,
 And grasps the *Merchant's* Gold, or meets the Captain's
 [Arms.

'Twas not from such a motly Brood
 Those better braver *Romans* came,
 Who dy'd the *Pidnick* Seas with Blood,
 And rais'd so high their Countrey's Fame;
 By whom *Antiochus* and *Pyrrhus* dy'd,
 And *Hannibal* was tam'd, and *Carthage* lost her Pride.

But hardy Youths inur'd to toil,
 Or fell the Wood, or till the Land,
 Or turn with heavy Spades the Soil,
 By a dread Mother's just Command,
 Nor ceas'd their Work, 'till down the Azure Way,
Sol rowl'd his beamy Car, and shut the chearful Day.

Time alters all things in its Pace,
 Each Century new Vices owns;
 Our Fathers bore an Impious Race,
 And we shall have more wicked Sons:
 Impiety still gathers in its Course;
 The Present Times are bad, the Future will be worse.

O D E VII. To ASTERIE.

DO not for ever pine and mourn;
 For if the Winds propitious prove,
Gyges will to your Arms return,
 His Wealth increasing with his Love.

Now tost by Storms to distant Shores,
 He curses his relentless Stars;

With

BOOK III. *The ODES of HORACE.*

69

With soft Complaints consumes the Hours,
And passes all the Night in Tears.

Mean while, some Foreign *Chloe* tries
By am'rous Wiles to win his Heart;
And bids the Envoy of her Sighs
Exert each soft and wanton Art.

She tells, how *Prætus*' lustful Wife
With Crimes invented by her Rage,
Had almost reach'd her Lover's Life,
Too cold and chaste for such an Age.

She tells, how *Pelæus* scorn'd the Dame,
Who left him to the cruel Fates;
And to provoke his am'rous Flame,
A thousand curious Tales relates.

But all in vain: He stops his Ears;
And all her artful Charms defies:
Do you, like him, avoid these Snares,
Lest some gay Youth your Heart surprize.

In *Mars*'s Field *Enipeus* rides
The manag'd Steed, by all admir'd;
With pliant Force the Waves divides,
And swims the *Tuscan* Stream untir'd.

But though he calls you, *Cruel Fair*,
Do not relent, but shut your Door;
The Dusk and dang'rous Shades beware,
And shun the *Serenading* Hour.

O D E VIII. *To MÆCENAS*

YOU, who excel in every Art
That *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues impart,
May ask, unmarried as I am,
Why to the Feast of *Mars* I came?

Why

Why I am drest in Flow'rs and Greens?
 And what this Turf, this Incense means?
 Know; to a God my Vows I pay;
 A God preserv'd my Life this Day.

A Goat to *Bacchus* bleeds, for he
 Sav'd me and held the falling Tree:
 I'll tap a Hoghead of that Year,
 When *Tully* fill'd the *Consul's* Chair.

Come to the Feast, my Friend! and take
 A hundred Glasses for my Sake;
 Let Strife and Noise be far away;
 Our Tapers shall renew the Day.

Leave all the Cares that vex your Mind;
 And grand Affairs of State, behind:
 What though the *Dacian* Army's fled,
 Or civil Broils infest the *Mede*?

What though the *Spaniard* wins the Field,
 And makes the rough *Cantabrian* yield?
 Or though at length the *Scythians* long
 For Peace, and leave their Bows unstrung?

E'en let the State-Machine rowl on,
 Mind not its Danger, nor your own:
 Enjoy the present Hour, and clear
 Your Brows from Frowns, your Soul from Fear.

ODE IX.

HORACE.

When first our Hearts and Arms did join,
 When you were Mine, and only Mine,
 I thought my self more truly blest
 Than all the Monarchs of the *East*.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

When only I your Bosom fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Then *Lydia* might with *Ilia* vie;
None was so Blest so great as I.

HORACE.

Now *Chloe's* Voice, and tuneful Lyre,
And Beauty, set my Soul on Fire;
I'd die to save the gentle Fair,
If Death her dearer Life would spare.

LYDIA.

Young *Calais* is all my Joy;
In mutual Flames I meet the Boy:
Had I two Lives, I'd gladly give
Both to the Fates, so he might live.

HORACE.

What if my former Love return,
And equally again we burn?
If *Chloe* should resign her Part,
And you once more possess my Heart?

LYDIA.

Though He I love is heav'nly fair,
You as the Winds inconstant are;
I'd bid the gentle Youth adieu,
And freely live and die with You.

ODE X. To LYCE.

THough you were born of Savage Race,
Marry'd in *Scythia* or in *Thrace*,
Would you not weep, to see me wait
In Wind and Rain before your Gate?

Hark!

Hark! What a Noise your Windows make?
 Whilst all the Trees around you shake;
 The Storms like hollow Thunders sound,
 And rattling Hail-stones beat the Ground.

Venus abhors all Female Pride,
 Then lay Disdain and Scorn aside;
 You from a gentle Off-spring came,
Penelope's no *Roman* Dame.

If neither Gifts nor Pray'rs can win
 Your Heart, whilst we grow pale and pine,
 If you neglect your Poet's Vows,
 And doat upon a Roving Spoule;

Yet let your Scorn and Rigour end;
 Since Snakes grow mild, and Oaks will bend:
 A Night, like this, must quickly tame
 The warmest Youth, and quench his Flame.

ODE XI. TO MERCURY.

Great God of Musick, by whose Aid
 To list'ning Stones *Amphion* play'd;
 And thou my Lyre, harmonious Shell,
 Whose Strings in artful Sounds excel;

Let thy quick Nerves no longer rest,
 But grace the Temple and the Feast;
 Some am'rous Air or Song begin,
 That may at last fair *Lyde* win.

She, than a Colt, more wild and gay,
 Frisks on the Green with wanton Play,
 Starts at the Touch, untaught to prove
 The active Leap and Force of Love.

You

You tame the Tygers, charm the Woods,
And stay the Rapid Headlong Floods;
Hell's grizly Porter let you pass,
And fawn'd, and listen'd to your Lays:

The Snakes around his Head grew tame,
His Jaws no longer glow'd with Flame,
Nor triple Tongue was stain'd with Blood;
No more his Breath with Venom flow'd.

Ixion laugh'd, and *Tityus* smil'd;
The *Bellides* no longer fill'd
Their streaming Urn, nor toil'd in vain,
But while you sung, forgot their Pain.

Let *Lyde*, cruel *Lyde*, know,
The Fate those Virgins find below:
Waters on Waters still they pour;
The leaking Urn still thirsts for more.

Such is the Doom, reserv'd in Hell
For those, by whom their Lovers fell,
When, by a Crime entirely new,
Each Bride the guiltless Bridegroom flew.

But one was found among the rest,
Worthy by *Hymen* to be blest;
Who by a glorious Cheat did prove
False to her Father, true to Love.

She to her Husband call'd, Arise!
Left endless Slumbers close your Eyes:
Fly from the Death you can't foresee,
And shun this cruel Family.

My Sisters dip their Hands in Blood,
And rage like Lyons of the Wood;
Whilst I relent with Love and Fear;
I'll neither kill, nor keep you here.

E

Let

You

Let me in Chains and Dungeons lie,
 Rather than see my Husband die ;
 Or let my Sire on some far Shore
 Expose me to the Savage Moor.

Fly, and be Happy, whilst the Night,
 The Winds, and Love, promote your Flight :
 When I am dead, my Urn shall tell
 The tender Cause for which I fell.

O D E XII. To NEOBULE.

U Nhappy you ! Condemn'd to pine,
 Without the Joys of Love and Wine ;
 Whom a rough Guardian's Threats confine.

Yet lovely *Hebrus* fills your Heart ;
 For him you shun *Minerva's* Art,
 And change your Needle to a Dart.

No Youth with such a Mien and Grace
 Rides at the Ring, or in the Race,
 Or when he swims, such Strength displays.

See how he follows through the Grounds
 The flying Stag and noisie Hounds,
 And gives the Boar the deepest Wounds.

O D E XIII.

L Ovely Spring ! as Crystal clear !
 Accept this Wine, these fragrant Flow'rs ;
 Soon as the Morning shall appear,
 A Goat, with budding Horns, is yours ;

Young

Young and Wanton, fit to try
 The lusty Leap, or hardy Fight;
 His Blood your limpid Streams shall die,
 Your Streams, with purple Mixture bright.

From the *Dog's-stars* scorching Ray
 You still defend the tender Flock;
 With you the Herds their Thirst allay,
 And Oxen, sweating with the Yoke.

Every Spring shall yield to you,
 Whilst I the shady Scene rehearse,
 The Rocks from whence your Waters flow;
 And speak your Murmurs in my Verse.

O D E XIV.

Once, like *Alcides*, by Success
 We found our Toils and Woes increase;
 But now fresh Joy revives in *Rome*,
 Since *Cæsar* comes victorious home.

Chast *Livia* shall embrace her Spouse,
 And pay the Gods her promis'd Vows;
Octavia shall the Victor meet,
 With Crowds of Matrons at her Feet.

Ye Youths and Virgins, young and fair,
 Whose Safety is great *Cæsar's* Care,
 In Awe and Silence pass the Day,
 And grace the Godlike Victor's Way.

This Day I bid adieu to Care!
 No Ills I dread, no Dangers fear;
 From Violence, and servile Chains,
 And Death secure, whilst *Cæsar* reigns.

Bring me Perfumes, with Garlands crown
 My Head, in Wine my Sorrows drown;
 Tap the last Hoghead that I have,
 And scarce from civil Feuds could save.

Call fair *Nera* to the Feast,
 In all her wanton Graces drest;
 But if her Keeper guard the Gate,
 Wait not too long, nor stay too late.

My Heart grows cool, my Hairs grow gray,
 My Strength and am'rous Heat decay;
 My Passion scarce had stay'd so long,
 When I was wild, and gay, and young.

ODE XV. To CHLORIS.

FOR Shame, since you are Old and Poor,
 Reform, and give Intriguing o'er;
 Your Trade, your Bawdy Function leave,
 And to your aged Cuckold cleave:
 Resort not to the Young and Fair,
 But for your latter end prepare:
 From Bawls and Crowds of Beauties fly,
 For Stars and Clowds but ill agree.
 Young *Pholoe* may safely do
 That which is Impudence in you.
 She, with an Air and Grace, can make
 A *Bacchanal*, or Midnight Rake,
 Or with her Lover sport and play,
 As wanton as a Kid in *May*;
 Whilst with the same resifless Art
 She storms his Windows, and his Heart:
 But you, the Spindle or the Loom,
 And not the Lyre and Dance, become;
 No Garlands can your Spring restore,
 Nor Hogheads drain'd abate Threescore.

ODE

O D E XVI. *To MÆCENAS.*

Within a brazen Tow'r immur'd,
 By Dogs and Centinels secur'd,
 From Midnight Revels and Intrigues of Love,
 Fair *Danae* was kept within her Guardian's Pow'r;
 But gentle *Venus* smil'd, and am'rous *Jove*
 Knew, he could soon unlock the Door,
 And by his Art successful prove,
 Chang'd to a golden Show'r.

For Gold through Rocks and Walls of Brass,
 And warlike Guards, can freely pass;
 By this, which swift as Lightning makes its way,
 The *Græcian* Augur fell, and his unhappy House;
 By this great *Philip* did his Arms convey
 Through hostile Towns, divided Foes:
 The Mariner, who stems the Sea,
 To Gold's dread Godhead bows.

Black Care attends the Miser's Store,
 Care of too much, and Thirst of more.
 To you, the Grace of *Knighthood*, I appeal,
 You know, my dear *Mæcenas*! how I scorn and hate
 In gawdy Pomp and Grandeur to excel:
 To those contented with their State,
 The Gods their choicest Gifts reveal,
 Beyond our Wishes great.

Naked I quit the noisie Court,
 And to the happy Poor resort.
 Few are my Wants, and humble are my Vows,
 Blest in my Little All, not Covetous of more:
 Not he, who rich *Apulia's* Acres plows;
 Whose Barns with yellow Heaps run o'er,
 Such Quiet or such Pleasures knows,
 Amidst his Riches, Poor.

Whilst I enjoy a fruitful Year
 A certain Crop, and Waters clear,
 Let him who o'er the *Libyan* Empire reigns,
 Live an eternal Slave to Fortune's haughty Frowns;
 Whilst through my Hive no luscious Hony strains,
 No Wine in costly Hogsheads runs,
 No golden Fleece on *Gallia's* Plains,
 My Flock with Riches crowns.

Though I am Poor I cannot want,
 Since what I ask you freely grant.
 The more I still possess, the less I crave;
 Nor can *Mygdonia's* Realm augment my Wealthy Store.
 If we repine at what we have,
 The Gods will never give us more;
 But if, what Life requires, we save,
 We never can be Poor.

O D E XVII. To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

From *Lamus* sprung, whose noble Blood
 Has fill'd the long Records of Fame;
 And on a numerous Race bestow'd
 A generous Birth, and deathless Name;

To him your high Descent you owe
 Who once possess'd the *Formian* Tow'rs,
 And reign'd where *Liris'* Waters flow
 Along *Marica's* fruitful Shores;

Lay in your Fuel, for the Crow
 Forbodes a Day of Wind and Rain;
 To Morrow's stormy Blasts shall strow
 The Ground with Leaves, with Weeds the Main:

You

You and your Household, free from Care,
 May then indulge your Souls in Wine;
 With blazing Piles your Hearth prepare,
 And feast upon the tender Swine.

O D E XVIII. *To FAUNUS.*

GOD of the Woods, who loves to chace
 The *Naiads*, nimble as the Wind,
 Along my Fields propitious pass,
 And to my tender Flocks be kind;

Then every Year a wanton Kid,
 With Bowls of Love-inspiring Wine,
 Shall to your Sylvan God-head bleed,
 Whilst fragrant Smoak perfumes the Shrine.

Soon as *December* cools the Plains,
 My Cattle on soft Herbage browse;
 Nor Toil nor Care fatigues the Swains;
 The Bullocks from the Team are loose:

No rav'ning Wolves the Lambkins fright;
 The Leaves lye scatter'd through the Wood;
 The Rusticks in the Dance delight,
 And beat the Ground they lately plow'd.

O D E XIX. *To TELEPHUS.*

YOU to a Nicety can tell,
 When *Codrus* for his Countrey fell,
 How long before him was the Reign
 Of *Inachus*, a mighty Man;

The Race of *Æacus* you know ;
 And when the *Greeks* laid *Ilium* low :
 But never let us know the most,
 A Pipe of *Chian* Wine will cost,
 Where and at whose Expence we may
 In Drinking pass the Night away,
 Melt down the Frost, and warm the Snow,
 And make the Wine the Rains out-flow ;
 These are important Truths indeed :
 Come ! put about the sprightly Red ;
 This Glass I drink to *Luna* bright,
 This to the Goddess of the *Night*,
 This to *Murana* : Let there be
 A Glass for each in Company,
 Not more than Nine, nor less than Three.
 The Poet his old Toast shall chuse,
 We'll bate him not a single *Muse* ;
 The *Graces* dancing Hand in Hand,
 But three full Bumpers can Command,
 For they are Sober, Chast and Kind,
 And not to drunken Frays inclin'd.
 Now let us revel in our Wine,
 And let the warbling Pipe begin ;
 The Pipe and Lyre shall both come down,
 And Roses the rich Pavement crown ;
 I hate to have it meanly done.
 Let *Lycus* at next Door, and she
 Who ill deserves such Sots as he,
 Listen with Envy to the Noise,
 And languish to partake our Joys.
 Thee, *Telephus*, whose Golden Hair
 And Looks out-shine the Evening Star,
Chloe, just ripe for Man, admires ;
 Me *Glycera's* bright Beauty fires.

O D E XX. *To PYRRHUS.*

Would you a Lover and his Nymph divide!
As well you might attempt a Lyon's Den,
And seize his Whelps, in some wild Forest hid;
You dare not stand the Fight, but must escape unseen.

The Savage She through Crowds of Hunters goes;
Searching for what she loves with curious Eyes;
And only hopes to meet amidst her Foes
You, who avoid her Rage, and should dispute the Prize.

She grinds her Teeth, and glows with Martial Flame;
You aim your pointed Darts with wondrous Skill:
Thus you contend, and thus the jealous Dame;
Nearchus holds the Palm, and gives it where he will.

Proud of his Charms, the gay, the careless Boy
Tosses his fragrant Locks, with such a Look
As *Nireus* had, or the young Prince of *Troy*,
Whom *Jove*, by Passion urg'd, from watry *Ida* took.

O D E XXI.

YOU, my good Cask! are of a Date
With Consul *Manlius* and with me,
Produce your Charge, whate'er it be,
Or Love, or Strife, or loud Debate,
Or gentle Sleep, or Wit serenely Free.

On such a Day, for such a Friend,
With *Massick* Juice our Souls refine,
Whatever *Bacchus* may design,
Corvinus bids the Stream descend;
Corvinus loves to mix Philosophy and Wine.

Wine kept old *Cato's* Virtue warm ;
 This whets the Dull, and Wit inspires ;
 The Grave with sprightly Vigour fires,
 And by a never-failing Charm,
 Unlocks the Mind, and all its gay Desires.

Wine with fresh Hope the Coward cheers ;
 Revives the Wretched and Undone,
 And makes the Slave his Lord disown :
 What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears
 To meet a Warrior's Arm, or stand a Tyrant's Frown?

Let *Venus*, and the God of Wine,
 And every *Grace*, too strictly Chast,
 Come, if they please, and crown the Feast :
 Our Torches and our Souls shall shine,
 Till we outface the *Sun*, when rising from the *East*.

ODE XXII. To DIANA.

Queen of the Mountains and the Groves !
 Whose Hand the Teeming Pain removes ;
 Whose Aid the Sick and Weak implore,
 And thrice invoke thy Threefold Pow'r ;

To thee I dedicate the Pine,
 That shades my Farm ; a tender Swine,
 Who whets his Tusks and threatens War,
 Shall crown thy Altar once a Year.

ODE XXIII. To PHIDYLE.

If once a Month to Heav'n you pray
 With lifted Hands, and on the Shrine
 Your this Year's Fruits and Incense lay,
 And sacrifice a greedy Swine ;

The

The Gods from Storms shall save your Vines,
Nor shall your blighted Harvest fail;
And as the sickly Year declines,
Your Children shall be strong and hail.

Let the devoted Herds, that feed
On *Algidum* o'er-grown with Wood,
Or those from rich *Albania*, bleed,
And paint the Pontiff's Axe with Blood:

The Gods require no Herds from you,
No rich Oblations, not your own;
Give 'em, what from a Swain is due,
A Rosemary or Myrtle Crown.

Bring but a little homely Cake,
With Hands that know no guilty Stain,
The Gods that humble Gift will take,
When *Hecatombs* are kill'd in vain.

O D E XXIV.

THough you could boast the Yellow Stores.
That deck *Arabia's* happy Shores,
Or all the Wealth the *Indies* yield:
Or such amazing Structures build,
As might with equal Grandeur grace
The *Tuscan* and *Apulian* Seas;
Yet when relentless Fate commands,
And reaches out her Iron Hands,
You must submit; for who can save
His Life from Sorrow and the Grave?
How happily the *Scythians* roam,
Whose very Houses stray from Home!
Happy the *Getes*! who know no Bounds,
But as they please enlarge their Grounds;

The Fruits they yield, the Corn they bear,
 Cost but the Labour of one Year;
 For every Farmer takes his place,
 And as one works, the other plays.
 With them no Poyson kills the Child,
 By some inhumane Step-dame fill'd;
 No Wife confiding in her Dow'r,
 Usurps her Husband's lawful Pow'r;
 Or to her smooth-fac'd Lover flies,
 And all her Cuckold's Rage defies:
 A rigorous Virtue, spotless Name,
 Rich in their great Fore-father's Fame,
 A Mind that's Chast, unstain'd with Lust,
 Is all the Fortune which they boast;
 They with Content and Joy can die,
 Rather than live with Infamy.
 Where shall we find the generous Man,
 Who can our Civil Feuds restrain,
 Or purge a guilty Age from Vice?
 A Statue to his Name shall rise:
 Him late succeeding Ages shall
 The Father of his Countrey call.
 Mankind, alas! too seldom give
 The Palm to Virtue when alive;
 But as the Goddess mounts the Skies,
 We wish, and gaze with longing Eyes.
 Yet can we of the Age complain,
 Since *Justice* wears the Sword in vain,
 Whilst Law's asleep, and vice does reign?
 The Clime that feels the scorching Sun,
 The Northern Isles, and frozen Zone,
 Can't fright the Merchant from the Sea,
 Through which he cuts his Liquid Way.
 The Dread of Want, and Love of Gain,
 Inure Mankind to Toil and Pain;
 Want is the worst Disgrace we fear;
 Hence we submit to Grief and Care,
 With Vigour act, with Patience bear.
 When the *Blind God* is all our Guide,
 From Virtue's Paths we tread aside.

Then

BOOK III. *The ODES of HORACE.*

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Then to the *Capitol* let's bring,
Where Crowds attend and Clamours ring,
Our Wealth, whence all our Troubles spring;
Or let the Seas deep Womb devour
Our sparkling Gems, and useleſs Oar:
True Penitents maturely wiſe,
Purge out the groſs Remains of Vice;
Their looſe Deſires and Paſſions kill,
And cruſh the Seeds of growing Ill;
By Virtue's Dictates train the Mind,
To rigid Laws and Rules confin'd.
The Youth, by ſoft Indulgence bred,
Who cannot ſit the manag'd Steed,
Avoids the Barrier and the Race,
And ſhuns the Fields and active Chace;
But plays at Tennis or at Dice,
And all the *Penal Laws* defies:
The Father ſaves, for him to ſpend,
And cheats his Partner or his Friend;
Can break a Promise, or forſwear
A Contract, to enrich his Heir.
The Miſer, though of Wealth poſſeſt,
Wants ſomething ſtill to crown the reſt;
And never is compleatly bleſt.

}

}

O D E XXV. *To BACCHUS.*

GOD of Wine, reſiſtleſs Pow'r!
Whither will you hurry me,
Full of the Deity,
Transported with a Rage unſelt before?
Whither, whither muſt I rove!
To what wild Cave, what diſtant Grove?
Where ſing of *Caſar's* high Renown,
His deathleſs Glory, ſtarry Crown?
How with aſſembled Gods above
He ſits majeſtick down,

And

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And dictates sage Advice to *Jove*?
 Give me a Theme that's great and new,
 Untouch'd by any other Muse.
 See! see! through Hills and Tracts of Snow
 The *Bacchanal* distracted strays,
 Whilst all the God her Frenzy does infuse;
 How wild she looks! How swiftly she surveys
 Hebrus, and *Rhodope*, and *Thrace*!
 Thus mad, thus wild,
 Through Woods and Shores I'd pass,
 With Rage and Wonder fill'd.
 God of the Virgin frantick Train!
 Whose Hands the thrilling Jav'lin throw;
 I scorn what's human, mean, and low,
 Nor will attempt a mortal Strain:
 All other Pleasures I forgoe,
 Nor any Danger fear,
 To follow such a God as you,
 Who on your God-like Brow the cluster'd Garland wear.

O D E XXVI. To VENUS.

ONce I was fam'd in *Cupid's* War,
 And could oblige and serve the Fair;
 But now before this Shrine I've hung
 My useless Arms, and Lyre unstrung.

Close by the Sea-born Queen I throw
 My smoking Torch, and flagging Bow,
 And the rough Club which once I bore,
 To force a haughty Damsel's Door.

O Goddess of the *Cyprian* Grove,
 And funny *Memphis*, Queen of Love!
 Hear my last Pray'r, and aim a Dart
 At *Chloe's* proud disdainful Heart.

O D E

O D E XXVII. *To GALATEA.*

LET the ill-boding noisie Jay
Salute the Guilty on their Way;
Let Foxes as they pass along,
And Wolves accost them, big with Young.

Let Snakes, as swift as Arrows, thwart
The Road, and make their Horses start;
But you no Guilt no Danger know,
Why should I be concern'd for you?

I'll summon from the *Eastern* Skies
The Crow, e'er to the Fenns he flies;
And bid him change his croaking Strain,
And not forbode or Wind or Rain.

May *Galatea* happy be,
And kindly still remember me:
May no rude Pye, or luckless Crow,
Bode ill Success, where'er you go.

But see! *Orion's* setting Star
Portends a mighty Tempest near;
Too well the raging Seas I know,
And what the adverse Winds can do.

May those I hate ascend their Ship,
When *Southern* Blasts infest the Deep,
When gloomy Waves begin to roar,
And dash against the trembling Shore.

When on the Bull *Europa* rode,
Not knowing that she prest a God,
Breathless and pale the Dame survey'd
The Main, where rolling Monsters play'd.

Lately.

Lately she rang'd the flowry Mead,
And weav'd new Garlands for the Head;
Now all the Scene that greets her Eyes,
Is boundless Seas, and starry Skies.

Arriv'd upon the *Cretan* Coast,
Whose Shores a hundred Cities boast,
Mad with Despair, she cry'd, Adieu
My Father, and my Virtue too!

Where am I? wretched and undone!
And can a single Death atone
The loss of Honour and of Shame?
Or am I pure, and this a Dream?

It is a vain Delusion sent
From Hell, and I still Innocent?
Could I the Meads and Flow'rs forsake,
To swim upon a Monster's Back?

Had I that Bull this Moment here,
His Flesh I could to pieces tear,
And break his Horns, by Rage inspir'd;
And spoil the Form I once admir'd.

Thus from my Father's Realm I fly!
Dare to do Ill, but dare not die!
Hear me, some kind propitious Pow'r,
Let some wild Beast this Wretch devour.

Expose my lovely Form a Prey
To Tygers, as they range this Way,
When Hunger prompts them to their Food,
E'er they have stain'd their Jaws with Blood.

Make haste to die, unhappy Maid!
Thy Father will thy Crimes upbraid;
This Girdle and yon bending Tree
Will soon conclude thy Destiny.

Or from these Rocks rush headlong down,
And in the raging Ocean drown;
Your self from Shame and Bondage save,
How can a Princess be a Slave?

Venus and *Cupid*, as the Dame
Thus mourn'd, to her Assistance came;
The Boy his Bow unbent, the Queen
Of Beauty all in Smiles was seen.

A while she rally'd with the Fair;
Then thus at last, fond Maid forbear
Thy Rage, and give thy Passion o'er;
This hated Bull is in thy Pow'r.

Forget thy Sighs, and think of Love;
'Tis great to be the Wife of *Jove*:
The World's *best Part* shall speak thy Fame,
And be distinguish'd by thy Name.

O D E XXVIII. *To LYDE.*

With Mirth and Joy unbend thy Soul,
And for the Hoghead call;
With rich *Cacubian* fill the Bowl,
For this is *Neptune's* Festival.

From *Bibulus* we date the Juice,
Which now should crown the Glass;
Without delay that Cask produce,
For see, the Day declines apace.

I'll sing of *Neptune*, and his Train
Of Nymphs with Sea green Hair;
You to *Latona's* Praise shall strain
The Lyre, and to *Diana* fair.

We'll

We'll sing of *Venus* and her Doves,
 With which she wings her Flight
 To *Cnidos* and the *Paphian* Groves,
 And praise the Goddess of the Night.

ODE XXIX. To MÆCENAS.

DEscended from the Royal Blood
 Of Kings, to whom *Etruria* bow'd,
 For you my Rosie Garlands I prepare,
 And pour my Wine upon a happy Day;
 These Ointments shall perfume your Hair;
 Come to your Friend without delay:
 Leave *Æscula* and *Tibur's* cold Recess;
 Come taste for once the Sweets of Privacy and Ease.

Forfake a while your gawdy Seat,
 And the Fatigue of being Great;
 Fly the Amusements of the smoaky Town, [Hour;
 Where Noise, and Wealth, and Trade, consume each
 Try the blest Change, and quit your Gown
 To share the Pleasures of the Poor;
 There free from Pomp and Equipage, carouse,
 Unlade your Mind of Business, and unbend your
 [Brows.

Already *Cepheus* mounts the Sky,
 And scorching *Procyon* rages high;
 Mad *Leo* sheds around his pointed Fire,
 And beamy *Phœbus* fries the burning Plains;
 The Flocks to Shades and Streams retire;
 The Flocks, and Herds, and sweating Swains,
 All follow great *Sylvanus* to the Groves,
 Whilst not a Breeze of Air the quivering Branches
 [moves.

You to the Publick Good apply
 Your Thoughts, intent on Policy:

Fain

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Fain you would know, where *Cyrus* threatens War,
Or what intestine Broils the *Getes* destroy,
And what the *Seres*: but forbear
The vain Enquiry, and enjoy
The present Hour: The Gods from human Sight
Hide the Events of Fate in Everlasting Night.

All worldly Things, like Waters flow,
Sometimes too high, sometimes too low:
Sometimes the even Current gently glides
Down to the Deep, and oft with mighty Roar
Bears Rocks upon its swelling Tides,
Sweeps Herds and Houses from the Shore
And Trunks of Trees; the Rivers quit their Bounds,
Whilst every lofty Hill and neighb'ring Wood resounds.

Happy the Mortal, who can say,
'Tis well, for I have liv'd to Day;
To morrow let black Clouds and Storms arise,
Or let the Sun exert his beamy Pow'r:
Nothing can interrupt my Bliss;
I seiz'd, and have enjoy'd my Hour:
The Gods themselves, howe'er they smile or frown,
Cannot recall what's past; for that is all my own.

Fortune, the wanton fickle Dame,
Plays on, and cheats us in the Game:
Now gives, and the next Moment takes away;
From me to you transfers th' uncertain Crown:
I court her when dispos'd to stay;
But if she threatens to be gone,
Thus with a Breath I tofs her to the Wind!
And still in Virtue's Arms a kindly Shelter find.

'Tis not for me to wish in vain,
When Storms grow loud upon the Main,
Or importune the Gods with needless Pray'rs,
Lest *Neptune* should enrich the greedy Tide
With *Cyprian* or with *Tyrian* Wares;
I in my little Bark can ride,

And

And to the wish'd-for Shore securely row,
 Whilst Stars propitious shine, and gentle Breezes blow.

O D E XXX.

TO my own Name this Monument I raise,
 High as the *Pyramids*, and strong as *Braſs*;
 Which neither Storms nor Tempeſts ſhall deſace: }

This ſhall remain, whiſt Time glides nimbly by;
 And the ſwift Years in meaſur'd Stages fly,
 For I'll not periſh, not entirely die. }

My Fame, my better Half, ſhall never end,
 Whiſt Mitred Priests before the Altar bend;
 And *Veſtal* Nymphs the *Capitol* aſcend. }

Where *Aufidus* with rapid Fury flows,
 And *Daunus* heretofore his Dwelling choſe,
 And from a low Eſtate to Empire roſe: }

The diſtant Race of *Latins* ſhall admire
 Me the firſt Bard, who urg'd with Sacred Fire,
 Tun'd a *Greek* Meaſure to a *Roman* Lyre. }

Be bold, my Muſe! to claim the juſt Renown,
 Thy Merits and Immortal Lays have won;
 And deck thy Poet with a Laurel Crown. }

The End of the Third Book of ODES.

THE



THE
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

B O O K IV.

O D E I. *To VENUS.*


 After a long and lasting Peace,
Venus once more disturbs my Ease;
 And yet my former Vigour's lost,
 When lovely *Cinara* engross'd
 All Hearts, and was the Reiging *Toast*.

Relentless Queen of soft Desires!
 O spare me and assuage my Fires;
 I'm old and stiff, and cannot bear
 Your Yoke; hence to the Young and Fair,
 Your better Votaries, repair.

Go

Go with your Chariot and your Doves,
 And all your little wanton Loves
 To *Paulus*, with high Vigour blest;
 Go to his gentle am'rous Breast,
 Fit to receive so warm a Guest:

For he is Noble, Gay and Young,
 And has a sweet, enchanting Tongue;
 By him your Empire will increase,
 For he's a Master of Address,
 And has a thousand Arts to please.

A Marble Statue for his Sake
 Shall glitter near th' *Albanian* Lake,
 When by your Aid the happy Man
 Can triumph in a Rival's Pain,
 And laugh to see him bribe in vain.

There Incense, ever fresh and sweet,
 Your Nostrils with Perfumes shall greet;
 The Pipe its warbling Voice shall raise,
 The Pipe and Lyre begin their Lays,
 And join in Consort to your Praise.

Our Youth and Virgins twice a Day
 Shall revel there, and sport and play;
 Their snowy Feet shall nimbly bound,
 Whilst hand in hand they beat the Ground,
 And put the *Salick* Measure round.

Whilst I, unfit for am'rous Joys,
 Alike neglect the Nymphs and Boys;
 No Garlands round my Temples bend,
 Nor can I with my Jovial Friend
 In Laughing Bumpers long contend.

Yet tell me, *Ligurinus*, tell,
 Why do these Tears thus gently steal
 Along my Cheeks with Sorrow drown'd?

Why

Why are my Lips thus fault'ring found,
With an imperfect broken Sound ?

Thee in my Dreams each Night I chace,
Thee oft with eager Arms embrace ;
As o'er the dusty Plains you stray,
Or in the flowing Waters play,
Ah, Youth ! more swift, more false than they.

ODE II. *To ANTONIUS JULUS.*

HE, who to *Pindar's* Flights would rise,
With Pinions not his own,
Like *Icarus* attempts the Skies,
And soon shall tumble down.

Pindar's a mighty raging Flood,
That from some Mountain flows,
Rapid, and warm, and deep, and loud,
Whose Force no Limits knows.

To him *Apollo* yields the Bays,
When proud of *Liberty*,
In loose unmeasur'd Strains he plays,
From slavish Numbers free.

Whether in lofty Verse he sing
Some celebrated Name ;
Some mighty God, or Godlike King,
Who could a Monster tame ;

Or chant th' *Olympick* Victor's Fame,
In everlasting Lays ;
And give him a more Deathless Name,
Than *Sculpture's* Self can raise.

Or whether he lament some Youth
 Agreeable and brave;
 Proclaim his Courage and his Truth,
 And snatch him from the Grave.

He, wrapt in *Æther*, like the Swan,
 Aspiring soars on High;
 I, like the Bee, just skim the Plain,
 And round the Meadows fly.

From *Tibur's* Groves and watry Shore,
 With never-ceasing Pains
 I cull the Sweets of every Flow'r,
 And form my labour'd Strains.

Of *Cæsar's* Triumphs you shall sing,
 That grace the Sacred Way;
 And praise him on a nobler String,
 Who made the *Gaul* obey.

Cæsar's the greatest Good below,
 The Gods themselves could give;
 The Pow'rs no greater could bestow,
 Should *Saturn's* Age revive.

Do you rehearse the publick Joys,
 On lofty Pinions borne,
 The *Forum* free from Strife and Noise,
 At *Cæsar's* safe Return.

If then my humble Lays prevail
 Amidst the Voice of *Rome*,
 I'll cry, O happy *Sun*! all Hail!
 Who bring'it great *Cæsar* home.

Let *Iō, Iō*, ring around,
 As *Cæsar* moves along;
 Let Incense smoak, and *Iō* sound,
 The universal Song.

Ten brawny Bulls must bleed for you,
As many lowing Cows;
A wanton Heifer is my Due,
Reserv'd to crown my Vows:

Like the New-Moon her bended Horns
In even Spaces shine;
A Milk-white Star her Head adorns,
And marks the yellow Skin.

O D E III. *To MELPOMENE.*

THE Youth, whose Birth the kindly *Muse*
With an indulgent Aspect views,
Shall neither at the Barrier shine,
Nor the *Olympick* Garland win,
Nor drive the Chariot o'er the Plain,
Nor guide with Skill the flowing Rein;
No Laurel Wreaths for Battels won,
Shall the triumphant Victor crown,
When to the *Capitol* he leads,
And on the Necks of Monarchs treads;
But *Tibur's* Streams and verdant Glades,
The limpid Spring, and gloomy Shades,
Shall fill his never-dying Lays,
And crown him with immortal Praise.
Amidst her other vocal Sons,
Me *Rome*, the Prince of Cities, owns
A Master of the tuneful Lyre,
And seats me in *Apollo's* Quire.
The vulgar Criticks I disdain,
And Envy grinds her Teeth in vain.
O Goddess of the golden Shell!
Whose Hands in artful Notes excel;
Mute Fishes, when inspir'd by Thee,
Can mate the Swan in Harmony:

To thee my Fame and Praise I owe,
 When pointing Crowds, where-e'er I go,
 Gaze and admire, and cry, That's He!
 'The Prince of Lyrick Poetry!
 For (if I please) I please by Thee.

}

O D E IV.

THE Royal Bird to whom the King of Heav'n,
 The Empire of the feather'd Race has giv'n,
 For Services already done,
 The Rape of *Priam's* Son,
 With high paternal Virtues fill'd,
 Tho' Young, and from the Nest unskill'd,
 His first Attempt with trembling Pinions tries,
 Then down the sweeping Wind with rapid Swiftness
 And midst the frightened Lambkins bears away, [flies,
 With mighty Force, his trembling Prey;
 Or dips his Beak in Serpent's Blood,
 Eager of Battel and of Food.

The Lion, Prince of Brutes, his Dam forfakes,
 And through the shaggy Herd, wild Slaughter
 Chacing some Goat along the Plain, [makes,
 That flies, but flies in vain;
 Such *Drusus* did in Arms appear,
 When near the *Alps* he urg'd the War:
 In vain the *Rheti* did their Axes wield,
 Like *Amazons* they fought, like Women fled the Field:
 But why those savage Troops this Weapon chuse,
 Confirm'd by long establish'd Use,
 Historians would in vain disclose:
 For who of Men all Secrets knows?

[Hand,
 At length, when crush'd by the young Warriour's
 They knew, what Heroes, under *Cesar* train'd,
 Could do; to whom the Sire bequeaths
 His Soul; in whom he breaths:
 The royal Bird of mighty *Jove*,
 Never brings forth a tim'rous Dove:

To

To valiant Fathers, valiant Sons succeed ;
 Thus Bulls from Bulls descend, and martial Horses breed.
 Yet the best Blood by Learning is refin'd,
 And Virtue arms the solid Mind ;
 Whilst Vice will stain the noblest Race,
 And the paternal Stamp efface.

Metaurum's bloody Waves and Banks shall tell,
 How *Asdrubal* by Roman Valour fell,
 What Rome to Nero's Offspring owes :
 A nobler Son arose,
 Smiling with Triumph, on that Day,
 Which chac'd our Clouds and Foes away ;
 Who, like a Flame, all *Italy* o'er-ran,
 Swift as the *Eastern* Wind that skims along the Main.
 'Twas then the Pow'rs above began to bless
 Our Troops with Conquest and Success ;
 The Gods, by impious Hands defac'd,
 Once more erect, their Altars grac'd.

At last perfidious *Hannibal* thus spoke :
 We, like the Stag, the brinded Wolf provoke ;
 And when Retreat is Victory,
 Rush on, tho' sure to die.
 When *Troy* was sack'd, this People came
 Thro' *Tuscan* Seas, and *Grecian* Flame ;
 Their Gods, their Parents, and their Children bore
 From *Ilium's* ruin'd Walls to the *Ausonian* Shore :
 Now, like an Oak on some cold Mountain's Brow,
 At every Wound they sprout and grow ;
 The Ax and Sword new Vigour give,
 And by their Ruins they revive.

Thus *Hercules* for matchless Valour fam'd,
 With fruitless Blows the fertile *Hydra* tam'd ;
 For as one Head the Hero slew,
 The Monster spawn'd a-new ;
 And thus the *Dragon's* Teeth, when sown,
 Were to a *Martial* Harvest grown.

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If to the Seas you trust this happy Race, [Seas.
They gather Strength, and Pow'r, and Riches from the
If to the Field their warlike Troops they lead,
They fill their Foes with Awe and Dread:
Their Matrons sing their warlike Feats,
And every Tongue their Fame repeats.

No more the Herald shall to *Carthage* bear
The happy Tidings of Success in War:
Farewel to Fortune and Renown,
For all our Hopes are gone;
With *Asdrubal* my Honour dy'd,
And *Carthage* perish'd by his Side.
The *Roman* Youth may march triumphant on,
For with auspicious Smiles the Gods their *Drusus* crown;
Great *Jove* still condescends to bless his Arms,
And saves him from impending Harms:
With Conduct far above his Years
The Toils of War and Camps he bears.

O D E V. *To AUGUSTUS.*

Guardian of *Rome*, from Heroës sprung!
Why must you be abroad so long?
The *Senate* for your Absence mourns:
Cæsar's unjust till he returns.

Ah! quickly come, and with you bring
A brighter Sun, a brighter Spring:
Plenty and Mirth with you appear,
The World looks gay, when you are here.

As a fond Mother for her Son,
When out at Sea, begins her Moan,
Whom the rough Winds and stormy Main
Beyond his promis'd Year detain;

For him she wishes, longs and prays,
And full of Hope the Shore surveys:
With the same eager, fond Desires,
His *Rome* her absent Lord requires.

When *Caesar's* here, our Flocks are safe,
Our Fields with Plenty smile and laugh;
No Tempests on the Ocean roar,
No Treachery infects the Shore.

No Rapes invade the Chaste and Good,
Whilst Vice by Justice is subdu'd;
Paternal Virtues grace our Sons,
And Vengeance every Crime atones.

Who dreads the *Gete*, or *Parthian* Foe,
Or *Germans* terrible in Show,
Or all the warlike Pow'rs of *Spain*,
Whilst *Caesar* does in Safety reign?

Each *Roman* Swain securely joins
The widow'd Elms, and curling Vines;
There drinks all Day, with Plenty blest'd;
The Gods and *Caesar* crown the Feast.

To him our Wine and Vows we pour;
Him with our *Lares* we adore:
No *Greeks* with greater Zeal proclaim
Their *Hercules*, or *Castor's* Name.

Return, Great *Caesar*, and bring home
A lasting Festival to *Rome*:
Thee, Drunk and Sober, Night and Day,
Thee we invoke, to Thee we pray.

ODE VI. To APOLLO.

BY Thee, great God ! for Lust and Pride,
 Fam'd *Niobe* and *Tityos* dy'd ;
Achilles to thy Valour bow'd,
 E'er *Troy* was by his Arms subdu'd :

Born of the Goddess of the Sea,
 He found no Match in Arms, but Thee ;
Troy's Walls oft trembled at his Spear,
 And every *Trojan* Heart with Fear :

Yet like a Pine he tumbled down,
 Or Cypress by a Storm o'erthrown ;
 And lay extended on the Plain,
 In *Phrygian* Dust by *Phæbus* slain :

He scorn'd all Arts but open Force,
 A holy Cheat, or treacherous *Horse* ;
 Nor would by any false Disguise,
 Amidst their Mirth, his Foes surprize ;

But met the *Trojans* in the Field,
 And there without Distinction kill'd :
 With Fire and Sword pursu'd them home,
 And burnt the Infant in the Womb.

At length to *Venus* and to *Thee*,
Jove stoop'd, and fix'd the firm Decree,
Æneas with a better Fate
 Should found a greater nobler State.

Sweet Master of the tuneful *Nine* !
 Whose Locks, when wash'd in *Xanthus*, shine ;
 To Me and my *Apulian* Muse,
 No Aid, nor Guardian Care refuse.

For

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For You to me my Fame impart,
My Genius, and my vocal Art:
The Nymphs and Youths from Nobles sprung,
With Raptures, listen to my Song.

Them chaste *Diana* guards, and loves
More than the Bow, the Chace, and Groves;
And they shall favour and admire
My suppliant Strains, and tuneful Lyre.

They shall extol *Latona's* Son,
And praise the bright increasing *Moon*;
By whom the Months their Courses steer,
And Fruits adorn the smiling Year.

The young Imperial Bride shall say;
I sung a solemn Ode to day
By *Horace* made, a famous Bard;
My Song the Gods with Pleasure heard.

O D E VII. *To TORQUATUS.*

THE Spring dissolves the fleecy Snows;
Fresh Green adorns the Fields, fresh Leaves the
Nature is deck'd in all her gayest Pride; [Boughs:
The limpid Streams in narrow Chanels glide:

The *Nymphs* trip naked o'er the Plains,
And with 'em hand in hand, the *Graces* dance.

The rolling Hours, and shifting Year
Inform you, that your last great Change is near;

Warm *Zephyr* melts the *Winter* down,
Then *Spring* succeeds, and *Summer's* quickly gone;

Then *Autumn*, rich in Fruits and Grain,
Rolls regular, till *Winter* comes again.

The Moon renews her fading Light,
Whilst Man lies down in everlasting Night:

We moulder into Dust and Clay,
Where *Tullus*, *Ancus*, and *Aeneas* lay.

Who can insure To-morrow's Sun?
 Or give another Day, when this is done?
 Be free and chearful; do not spare
 Your Wealth, to glut an undeserving Heir:
 When to the Shades below you come,
 And *Minos* fixes your eternal Doom,
 Not Virtue, nor High Birth shall save,
 Nor Eloquence redeem you from the Grave:
Diana try'd to bring, in vain,
 Her chaste *Hippolytus* to Life again;
 Though *Theseus* did to Hell descend,
 He could not rescue his unhappy Friend.

ODE VIII. *To CENSORINUS.*

IF I with *Scopas'* Art could raise
 A God or Man, in Stone or Brass,
 Or to *Parrhasian* Colours give
 A human Face, and bid it live;
 There's not a Friend, who shares my Soul,
 Should want a Statue, or a Bowl,
 Or Tripod of a pond'rous Size,
 Rich as some antick *Grecian* Prize:
 To You my noblest Gifts I'd send,
 To You, my best my dearest Friend:
 But no such vulgar Arts as these,
 Or Presents, Me or You can please;
 In *Lyrick* Numbers I excel,
 This is the Art you love so well:
 For You a Poem I design;
 You know the Value of each Line.
 Not Statues, in which Heroes breathe,
 And stand secure from Time and Death,
 Nor he, who paints the bloody Field,
 With Scenes of Rout and Slaughter fill'd,
 Where *Hannibal's* less haughty Mien,
 And *Carthage* all in Flames is seen,

Can

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105

Can add more Worth to *Scipio's* Name,
Than when the *Muses* sing his Fame.
If Poetry her Aid denies,
All Merit unrewarded dies.
Had *Romulus*, from *Ilia* sprung,
Perish'd, forgotten, and unsung;
Who of his Race could tell the Name,
From whence the *Roman* Empire came?
The *Muses*, by superiour Pow'r,
Redeem'd from *Pluto's* gloomy Shore
Great *Æacus*, with Glory crown'd,
And through a thousand Isles renown'd.
Whilst Bards can sing no Hero dies,
They lift the Virtuous to the Skies:
Thus *Hercules* now sits above
Among the Gods, and drinks with *Jove*;
Fair *Leda's* Sons are chang'd to Stars,
Propitious to the Mariners;
Bacchus with Vine-Leaves crowns his Brows,
And hears the Suppliant's humble Vows.

O D E IX. *To LOLLIVS.*

THE Songs which to the *Roman* Lyre,
Whilst *Aufidus* ran list'ning by,
I tun'd, inspir'd with Sacred Fire,
Believe me, Friend! shall never die.

Though *Homer* claims the highest Place,
Yet Laurel springs on *Pindar's* Head;
The World admires *Alcaeus' Lays*,
And grave *Stesichorus* is read.

Time cannot raze *Anacreon's* Name,
Nor prey upon his youthful Strains;
Sweet *Sappho* of Love's gentle Flame
In never-dying Verse complains.

Helen was not the only Fair,
Who in her Passion met her Fate,
Fond of her Lover's Face and Hair,
His Grandeur, Equipage and State.

Brave *Sthenelus* and *Merion's* Son
Were not the first renown'd in War;
The *Trojans* wag'd more Wars than one,
E'er *Teucer* could a Quiver bear.

The ancient Heroes, in their Turn,
Could for their Wives and Country fight,
Before *Deiphobus* was born,
And valiant *Hector* saw the Light.

Older than *Agamemnon's* Reign
Liv'd Monarchs of a mighty Name;
Of whom no Footsteps now remain,
For want of Bards to sing their Fame.

Virtue's an idle useless Thing,
When hid in secret, and o'ercaست;
Whilst I, my Friend! your Praise can sing,
Your Actions shall for ever last.

Oblivion shall not reach your Fame;
For you by prudent Measures steer;
In every Fortune still the same,
Not flush'd with Joy, nor sunk with Fear.

You ever Faithful, Just and True,
From Bribes and Avarice are clear;
Oppression stands in awe of You;
You should be *Consul* every Year.

Vice, when adorn'd with Wealth and State,
With you no Favour is allow'd;
Your Judgment's Right, and sure as Fate;
You triumph o'er the giddy Crowd.

He

He is not number'd with the Bless'd,
To whom the Gods large Stores have giv'n,
But He, who of enough possess'd,
Can wisely use the Gifts of Heav'n:

Who Fortune's Frowns with Patience bears,
And the worst Ills the Gods can send;
His Honour to his Life prefers,
To save his Country or his Friend.

ODE X. *LIGURINUS.*

Lovely Boy! as *Venus* fair,
Cruel Boy! as false as Air;
When with hoary Honours dy'd,
Age shall triumph o'er your Pride,
When your Locks their Beauties lose,
And your Cheeks the fading Rose;
Then, when all your Bloom is gone,
Scarce you'll think your Face your own:
But, with Wonder and Amaze,
Fixing on the faithful Glass,
Thus exclaim; Ah! tell me why,
Love must live, and Beauty die?
Why, when Youth adorn'd my Brow,
Was I not as Kind as now?
Or, since Age has banish'd Scorn,
Why should not my Charms return?

ODE XI. *To PHYLLIS.*

Phyllis, this aged Cask is thine,
Replete with rich *Albanian* Wine;
Much Parsley in my Garden grows,
And Ivy to adorn your Brows.

My Rooms with burnish'd Plate shall shine,
 My Garlands round your Temples twine;
 Fresh Greens upon the Shrine shall lie,
 And there the tender Lamb shall die.

See in what Hurry, with what Care,
 My Slaves, the solemn Feast prepare!
 The Flames with Rolls of Smoak arise,
 And blacken with new Clouds the Skies.

Think what this Mirth, these Transports mean;
 The happy *Ides* come round agen:
 This Day the smiling Month divides,
 O'er which the Queen of Loves presides.

This Day with solemn Joy I crown,
 A Day much brighter than my Own;
 From whence the dearest Man on Earth,
Mecenas, dates his noble Birth.

But you with fond Desire pursue
 A Youth, too Great, too Rich for you;
 Who by superiour Charms subdu'd,
 Doats on a *Fortune* and a *Prude*.

Let the rash Youth, who dar'd to try
 The winged Horse, and soar'd too high,
 And *Phaëthon* consum'd with Fire,
 Timely forewarn you to aspire.

Let not Ambition soar too high,
 But let your Hopes with Sense comply;
 By Rules of just Decorum move;
 Equality's the Soul of Love.

You are my only Joy, for you
 I bid all other Nymphs, adieu:
 Come, ease my Soul with Musick's Charms,
 Musick the sharpest Grief disarms.

O D E XII. *To VIRGIL.*

Z *Ephyr*, Companion of the Spring,
 Now smooths the Seas, and swells the Sail;
 As o'er the Meads he spreads his Wing,
 The Snows dissolve at every Gale.

Progne, a poor unhappy Name,
 Begins to build her Nest, and sing
 How she reveng'd a guilty Flame,
 And punish'd an incestuous King.

Their tender Flocks the Shepherds keep,
 And tune the Pipe to rural Strains;
 They sing the God who guards their Sheep,
 The God who o'er *Arcadia* reigns.

Come, leave the Noble, Rich; and Gay,
 The Season's hot, and calls for Wine:
 Bring your Perfumes, and come away,
 A Hoghead, on these Terms, is thine.

Your little Box of Odours buys
 A certain Remedy for Care;
 You know the Cellar where it lies,
 'Twill quicken Hope, and kill Despair.

Come, with the Purchase in your Hand,
 The Price is small, the Bargain great:
 You know I boast no Wealth nor Land,
 How then can I afford to treat?

Fly, and leave Sorrow far behind,
 Consider Death is at your Feet:
 With Mirth and Wine unbend your Mind;
 A Frolick, if well tim'd, is sweet.

O D E XIII. *To LYCE.*

LYCE, at length my Pray'rs prevail,
And you grow old, decay'd and stale;
Yet still to Youth and Love pretend,
And drink, and wanton without End.

Your Voice is crack'd and cannot charm,
Or keep a drunken Lover warm;
For Love takes wing and seeks the Young,
The blooming Cheek, and silver Tongue.

He basks in brighter, warmer Eyes,
Your fading wither'd Beauty flies,
Your yellow Teeth, and wrinkled Brow,
Where Time has shed his hoary Snow.

Though in rich Gems, and Silks you dress,
And study all the Arts to please;
The faithful Annals will bely
Your poor affected Gallantry.

Where is that Bloom, that Beauty gone,
That Mien, which made all Hearts your own?
That Grace, that did my Soul betray,
And stole me from myself away?

No Nymph, but *Cynara*, could shew
A Face, a Shape, an Air like you;
But *Cynara*, in all her Pride
Of Beauty, and of Conquest, dy'd:

You, by Old Age, the Fates beguile;
The laughing Youths look on and smile,
To see the Torch in Smoak expire,
That once set every Breast on Fire.

ODE XIV. *To AUGUSTUS.*

CAN sounding Titles, or can solemn Days
 Secure the never-dying Praise?
 How shall the State preserve thy Fame,
 And eternize thy high Renown,
 Thou greatest Prince, and brightest Name,
 That ever rival'd the less glorious Sun?
 The distant *Alps* have felt thy Pow'r in War,
 And Lands that ne'er till now a *Roman* Yoke could bear.

Young *Drusus* did thy conqu'ring Squadrons lead,
 And fill'd the Savage World with Dread:
 How many Fields, and Towns he won?
 Whilst the high *Alps* thy Thunders shook,
Tiberius drove as bravely on;
 Through Foes untam'd the Victor broke:
 To him in Chains the vanquish'd *Rhari* bow'd,
 Whose white discolour'd Hills were stain'd with native
 {Blood.

Like *Mars*, the Conqueror in Arms appear'd;
 No Death he shunn'd, no Danger fear'd:
 So much his Soul his Arms out-flies,
 Destruction hardly could keep pace;
 Thus when the *Pleiades* arise,
 The Tempest scours along the Seas.
 The Troops gave way where'er young *Cesar* rod,
 Whilst on the flying Crowd, and slaughter'd Heaps he
 [trod.

As *Ausidus*, when rais'd with sudden Rains,
 Rolls swiftly thro' *Apulia's* Plains,
 And proudly threatens, as he flows,
 The Banks and subject Meads to drown;

So

So *Claudius* rushes on his Foes,
 And mows the Iron Harvest down:
 Thousands and Thousands fall on ev'ry Side;
 Himself is all the War, whilst not a *Roman* dy'd.

But with your Conduct and your Troops he fought,
 You to the Field your Omens brought;
 For on the same successful Day,
 As thrice three Years their Course had run,
 Young *Cesar* bore the Prize away,
 And Fortune did her Fav'rite crown,
 When captive *Alexandria's* open Port
 Smooth'd your auspicious Way to *Cleopatra's* Court.

The warlike *Thracian*, never tam'd till now,
 And *Scythian* to thy Arms shall bow;
Tigris and *Ister* own thy Pow'r,
 And *Nile* who hides his watry Head;
 Thy Terrors reach the *Indian* Shore,
 Thy Empire stretches to the *Mede*:
 The World's wide Confines with a suppliant Knee
 Stoop to Imperial *Rome*, Imperial *Rome* to thee.

The *British* Seas grow calm beneath thy Sway,
 Where rolling Monsters on the Billows play:
 The haughty *Gaul*, untaught to fear,
 With those of *Germany* and *Spain*,
 Thy gentle Yoke with Patience bear,
 With Pleasure wear the *Roman* Chain:
 All drop their Arms, obsequious to thy Nod,
 And where they felt the Victor, now confess the God.

ODE XV.

When to some lofty Theme I would aspire,
Apollo chid me, and unstrung my Lyre;
 No more I launch into the Depths of Verse,
 Nor Fights nor conquer'd Towns rehearse.

Cæsar, thy happy Reign
 Has brought fair *Plenty* back again;
 Once more the Ensigns of our State adorn [torn.
 The sacred Shrine of *Jove*, from *Parthian* Temples

Janus has shut his brazen Portals close,
 Whilst *Justice* triumphs o'er her guilty Foes:
 No Crimes infest the Age, but conscious Vice
 From the avenging Goddess flies;
 Whilst all the Arts revive,
 And to the State new Vigour give:
 These did the *Latian* Name and Praise convey
 From bright *Aurora's* Dawn to the last Stage of Day.

Whilst *Cæsar* is the Lord of humane Race,
 No Broils shall interrupt our *Halcyon* Days;
 No Civil Strife the hostile Sword unsheath,
 Or shed abroad her poys'nous Breath.
 The *Gæte*, and sunny *Moor*,
 And they who till the *Danube's* Shore,
 Shall all submit to *Rome's* imperial Sway;
 The *Indian* and the *Mede* the *Julian* Laws obey.

Whether the Day be sacred or prophane,
 We, and our Matrons, and our youthful Train,
 Will crowd the Altars, with our Presents crown'd,
 And put our Vows and Goblets round;
 There

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There tune the Pipe, and sing
The mighty Names from whence we spring;
Venus, Anchises, and the *Trojan Race,*
Who gave our noblest Blood, shall take our loudest
[Praise.



The End of the Fourth Book of ODES.



THE
EPODES
OF
HORACE.

EPODE I. *To MÆCENAS.*

V

 Hilt you ascend your warlike Ship,
 And carry 'Terror thro' the distant Deep,
 Prepar'd in all Events of War, [share;
 Great *Cæsar's* Dangers and Renown to
 What shall your Friends forsaken do,
 Whose Fate, whose Life and Death, depend on you?
 Shall we, at your Request, sport on,
 And taste insipid Mirth when you are gone?
 Or bear our Loss with such a Breast,
 As is by Souls, like yours, in War confess'd?
 We'll bear it then, and freely go
 O'er craggy *Thracian* Cliffs, and *Alpine* Snow;

Or

Or bravely march, whilst you lead on,
Far as the rosy East, and rising Sun.

I know, my weak, my feeble Arm
Can neither aid, nor succour you from Harm;

Yet Absence still increases Fear,
And I shall think you safe when I am near.

The Dam that leaves her tender Young,
Dreads every Snake, and fears she stays too long;

Yet she, alas! is weak as they,
And would, if present, but augment the Prey.

For you the greatest Toils I'll bear,
For you the Dangers and Fatigues of War;

Not to increase my Wealth, or Lands,
By many Oxen till'd, and num'rous Hands;
Where well-fed Flocks and Herds may range,
And with the Seasons still their Pasture change;

Nor give my little Farm more Room,
And build it to the Walls of *Tusculum*:

Your Bounty gave my present Store,
'Tis all I want, nor will I ask for more,

Like some young Cully, to confound,
Or some rich Miser, hide it under Ground.

E P O D E II.

HOW Rich is he, who free from Care
As the first happy Mortals were,
His fat paternal Acres plows,
No Mortgage, no Incumbrance knows?
He shuns the Sea, the Camp, and Arms,
Where Trumpets sound their shrill Alarms,
He flies the noisy Bench and Court,
And Levee, where proud Slaves resort,
His only Care is, when to join
The lofty Elm, and tender Vine;
Whilst in the Vale beneath he views
His wandring Sheep, and grazing Cows.

Some-

Sometimes he prunes the useleſs Shoots,
And grafts a Branch of better Fruits;
Or caſks the Honey's luſcious Juice,
Or ſhears his tender ſickly Ewes.
When *Autumn*'s fruitful Month appears,
He gathers, with Delight, the Pears
And Purple Grapes, ſo red, ſo ſweet,
From Trees and Vines himſelf had ſet;
His Offerings to *Priapus* yields,
And *Faunus*, Guardian of his Fields.
Sometimes he baſks beneath the Shade,
Or on the Graſs ſupinely laid,
Cloſe by ſome Brook, or limpid Spring,
Whilst all the wing'd Muſicians ſing:
The Riv'lets murmur as they creep,
And gently lull the Swain to ſleep.
Soon as the Storms and Cold draw near,
And *Jove* inverts the froſty Year,
He calls his Dogs, his Toils he lays,
And gives the ſavage Boar the Chace;
Or ſpread his Nets around the Buſh,
To catch the poor deluded Thruſh;
Courſes the Hare along the Plain,
And takes the foreign ſtately Crane.
Such Pleaſures, and ſuch Sports remove
All Thoughts of Care, and Pains of Love:
But if a Race of prattling Boys,
And gentle Spouſe partake his Joys,
Some *Sabine* Matron, hail and brown,
Tann'd by the ſcorching Summer Sun;
She ſtirs the Fire, and makes it burn,
Againſt her Huſband's wiſh'd return;
Or pens the Ewes that play and bleat,
And drains the ſwelling, milky Teat:
She, and her Spouſe, and Children, dine
On home-bred Cales, and this Year's Wine.
The *Lucrine* Oysters I diſdain,
And all the Dainties of the Main,
Which, when the *Eastern* Tempeſts roar,
Are waſted to the *Latian* Shore:

I nor in *Turkey* take Delight,
 Nor long for *Partridge*, or for *Snite* :
 My Board with luscious Olives spread,
 Or Sorrel from the verdant Mead ;
 Or Mallows of salubrious Juice,
 That keep the temp'rate Body loose ;
 Or tender Lambkin, sweet Repast,
 Which hungry Wolves in vain had chas'd.
 Or Kid with savory Sallets dress'd,
 To crown some solemn *Sylvan* Feast.
 Whilst thus we fatten and carouze,
 How sweet the pleasing Prospect shows,
 Of Flocks returning in a Row,
 And Bulls from the Yoke and Plow !
 Whilst all the little Troops of Swains
 Around the *Lares* sport and dance.
 Thus *Alfius* spake, resolv'd to try
 The Countrey's sweet Variety :
 He call'd his Money in, and then——
 The Miser put it out agen.

E P O D E III. To MÆCENAS.

LET Parricides and guilty Wretches feed
 On *Garlick*, an infectious Weed,
 As rank as *Hemlock* ; 'tis a stinking Feast,
 Which only Rusticks can digest.
 My Bowels burn with that envenom'd Food ;
 Or am I drunk with Viper's Blood ?
 The Witches at their midnight Revels met,
 With such a Dish each other treat.
 When *Jason*, for his Strength and Beauty fam'd,
 The monstrous Bulls in Battel tam'd,
 With this *Medea*, who his Safety fear'd,
 Her lovely *Argonaut* besmear'd :
 With this the Hagg reveng'd her injur'd Love,
 Then through the Air her Dragons drove.
 This Potion breeds more noxious burning Pains,
 Than when the raging *Dog-Star* reigns.

Not

Not *Hercules* more dreadful Tortures bore,
When the invenom'd Shirt he wore.
Therefore take heed, if you, my dearest Knight,
In such detested Food delight,
May the next Nymph you love, your Kisses scorn,
And from your loath'd Embraces turn.

E P O D E IV. To MENA.

W HEN Wolves and tender Lambs agree,
Expect to find a Friend in me;
Thou Wretch, whose Back the slavish Scars,
Whose Leg the Marks of Fetters wears.
Fortune has made you Rich and Proud,
But never can refine your Blood.
When with a Gown full six Ells deep,
The *Sacred Way* in State you sweep;
See, how the Crowd express their Scorn,
And sneer, and wink at every Turn.
That Slave, they cry, so much admir'd,
With whom the Whipping-Post was tir'd;
Now in his gaudy Chariot rides,
And in his num'rous Acres prides.
In spite of *Otho's* just Decree,
He sits and shines with Quality.
In vain our Fleets prepare to chace
The Rebel Pirates from the Seas,
Whilst such a Slave as this commands
The chosen Free-born *Roman* Bands.

E P O D E V.

S AVE me from Danger and from Death,
Great Guardians of the World beneath!
What means this Tumult which I see?
Those ghastly Looks, all fix'd on me?

Speak,

Speak, by the Pledges of thy Love,
Lucina's Gift, by mighty *Jove*;
 Who will avenge the Wrongs I bear,
 Speak; by the sacred Gown I wear;
 Why all this Rage? So Step-Dames look,
 And Beasts when by the Hunter struck.
 Thus spake the Youth, and trembling stands
 Disrob'd by curs'd *Canidia's* Hands:
 So sweet a Bloom, so fair a Skin,
 Might Savages to Pity win:
 She, with a Face of Horror, shakes
 Her hissing Curls of knotted Snakes;
 And mingles Wild-fig Branches torn,
 With Cypress, from some gloomy Urn;
 On these a Screech-Owl's Plumes she strow'd,
 And blended Toads-Eggs, smear'd with Blood,
 With all the Weeds of poys'nous Juice,
 That *Spain* and *Theffaly* produce;
 On which a mad Dog's Teeth she lays,
 And burns in magick Flames the Mass.
 Then *Sagana* around the Cell
 Sprinkl'd black Water brought from Hell;
 Her bristled Hair in Tours she wore,
 Just like a Hedge-Hog, or a Boar.
Veia, whose Conscience knows no Wound,
 Sweats at the Spade, and digs the Ground,
 In which she set the harmless Child,
 And mould'ring Earth around him fill'd:
 Like Bodies sinking in the Flood,
 Up to the Chin in Earth he stood;
 There saw fresh Dainties every Day,
 But saw, and starv'd, and pin'd away;
 From whose parch'd Marrow they compose,
 And Livor dry'd, the am'rous Dose,
 Mixt with his Eye-balls worn with Pain,
 And gazing on his Food in vain.
Folia was present at these Rites,
 She, who in monstrous Lusts delights;
 So Fame reports, the Rumour runs
 Through *Naples* and th' adjacent Towns;

She,

She, with superior Charms can force
 The Moon to leave her nightly Course :
 Whilst with black Teeth *Canidia* tore
 Her Thumbs, and drew the livid Gore ; [tell?
 Then said ; — Such Things ! — What Tongue can
 Ye Pow'rs of Darkneſs and of Hell,
Nox and *Diana*, you who guide
 The Shades, and o'er theſe Rites preſide,
 Come to my aid, whilst Horror reigns
 O'er ſleepy Brutes and ſilent Plains ;
 Exert your Godhead, and your Skill ;
 Let thoſe I hate new Torments feel :
 Expoſe the Lecher, gray and lewd,
 By Dogs and ſhouting Boys purſu'd ;
 On him this Philtre I beſtow,
 My Hands ne'er mixt ſuch Herbs till now.
 What ! Shall *Medea* me excel ?
 Of whom the Bards ſuch Wonders tell ;
 How by her Charms, in Beauty's Pride,
 Her Rival, fair *Crenſa*, dy'd,
 When the young heedleſs Bride put on
 The poys'nous Dreſs and burning Gown.
 Each noxious Root and Herb I know,
 What Juice they ſhed, and where they grow ;
 Yet nothing can my *Varus* move,
 Or break his Reſt with Thoughts of Love.
 He triumphs o'er a Wretch like me,
 Some mightier Hag has ſet him free :
 But ſoon my Philtres ſhall prevail,
 And he his cold Diſdain bewail ;
 When I have charm'd, and made him kind,
 Not Muſick ſhall reſtore his Mind.
 This Philtre ſhall his Scorn remove,
 I'll make it ſtrong and full of Love.
 Sooner the Sea ſhall upwards flow,
 The Earth and Skies lie ſunk below,
 Than he not pine with fond Deſire,
 As Sulphur takes the lambent Fire.
 Thus ſhe ; the harmleſs Boy no more
 With Tears their Pity did implore ;

But long with silent Horror struck,
 At length into these Curses broke.
 Though all the Pow'rs of Hell combin'd,
 No Charms can alter humane Kind;
 Therefore I'll curse you as I die,
 And this the Gods shall ratify.
 When I am gone and turn'd to Air,
 My Ghost shall haunt you every where;
 With Warlike Nails your Cheeks I'll plow,
 As Spectres, when enrag'd, will do;
 Wait round your Beds, and ev'ry Night,
 In Dreams, your guilty Souls affright:
 The hooting Mob, with Show'rs of Stones,
 Shall crush your old decrepid Bones;
 Your Carcasses shall find no Urn,
 But be by Dogs and Vulturs torn;
 My Parents shall look on the while,
 And, fated with full Vengeance, smile.

EPODE VI. *To CASSIUS SEVERUS.*

WHY, Mungrel! Why so fierce and loud?
 Why wilt thou tease the Gentle and the Good?
 Turn, turn; on me employ thy Spite,
 For I again with equal Force can bite:
 No Greyhound is so swift of Foot.
 No Farmer's Mastiff half so bold and stout:
 Whatever Brutes dare cross my Way,
 I give 'em Chace, and never quit my Prey.
 But you who so much Courage boast,
 Will fawn, and crouch, and truckle for a Crust
 My Rage with double Fury burns,
 When thus provok'd, I toss my pointed Horns:
 Not fam'd *Archilochus* could show,
 Or *Hipponax*, less Favour to a Foe:
 Let Boys, when beaten, whine and cry,
 If I'm attack'd, I conquer, or I die.

EPODE

EPODE VII. *To the PEOPLE of ROME.*

WHat Rage, mad *Romans*, drives you on?
 Why is the Sword unsheath'd, and War begun?
 Are not the Fields and blushing Flood
 Already dy'd too deep with *Roman* Blood?
 See *Carthage* to the Clouds aspires!
 On those proud Walls employ these hostile Fires;
 Or send your Arms across the Main,
 And let the *Britains* wear a *Roman* Chain.
 Must *Rome* to *Rome* a Victim fall,
 To please the wishing *Mede*, and smiling *Gaul*?
 Lions and Wolves less Savage are,
 For Wolves and Lions their own Likeness spare.
 By what blind Fury are you driven?
 From you this Rage, or from avenging Heav'n?
 Speak; Can your Guilt no Language find?
 How pale your Look! What Horrors fill your Mind!
 Have then the cruel Fates decreed,
 That we for antient *Fratricide* must bleed?
 Here *Remus*' sacred Blood was spilt,
 And we must suffer for paternal Guilt.

E P O D E VIII.

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EPODE IX. To MECÆNAS.

When, Blest *Mecenas*, shall we pass
 In Luxury the smiling Day,
 With rich *Cæcubian* crown the Glass,
 Beneath thy shining Roof, and pay
 Our Vows to *Jove*, since *Cæsar* wears the Bays?

When shall the Pipe and Lyre begin
 The *Dorick* and the *Lydian* Strain?
 And we renew our Mirth and Wine,
 As when Great *Anthony's* swift Train
 Fled in their flaming Ships, and glitter'd o'er the Brine.

The Chains from perjur'd Slaves he took,
 And would to free-born Subjects give;
 Which o'er the trembling State he shook.
 Posterity will scarce believe,
 That *Romans* should submit to wear a Woman's Yoke.

Mean Slaves, by beardless Eunuchs led,
 Their Baggage and their Arms they bore,
 Whilst Canopies in Camps were spread,
 A Sight not known in War before;
 The Sun look'd on, and blush'd with double Red.

From such a Sight, such deadly Shame,
 The *Gauls*, with Indignation fir'd,
 Resounding *Cæsar's* mighty Name,
 With all their Ships and Troops retir'd,
 And fought for *Cæsar*, and for deathless Fame.

Drive the triumphal Chariot on!
 Let *Iôs*, *Iôs*, ring around!
 Let Bullocks every Altar crown;
 And *Iôs* joyful *Iôs* sound:
Scipio and *Marius* no such Laurels won.

Rome

Rome no such Victory could boast,
 When by our Arms *Jugurtha* dy'd;
 When *Carthage* was reduc'd to Dust;
 And all her Purple Pomp and Pride
 In humble Weeds and low Distress were lost.

The routed Foe pursues his Way,
 Far as the hundred Towns of *Crete*;
 Or where the *Lybian* Quick-Sands play;
 Whilst Storms around his Vessel beat,
 Or drive him up and down in open Sea.

Since Victory our Mirth renews,
 Let's double every Draught of Wine;
 Bring larger Glasses, and infuse
 What may the Sense and Soul refine;
 The sharpest *Greek*, or rich *Cacubian* Juice.

Since the good Gods great *Cesar* blest,
 With endless Triumphs and Renown,
 Away with Trouble and Distress,
 And in this Glass all Sorrow drown;
 Mankind is safe when *Cesar* finds Success.

E P O D E X.

WHEN filthy *Mavius* hoists his Sail,
 May all the luckless Pow'rs prevail;
 May all the Winds awake from Sleep,
 Muster that Day upon the Deep,
 And all at once attack his Ship.

Let all the *Eastern* Tempests reign,
 And the rough *South* invert the Main;
 Crack every Cable, break each Oar,
 And the loud *North* as fiercely roar,
 As when the Mountains feel his Pow'r.

Let no kind Lights, nor Moon appear,
 But black *Orion's* stormy Star;
 Let all the Billows rage and foam,
 Bespread with Horror and with Gloom,
 As when the *Greeks* were sailing Home.

When *Pallas*, cloy'd with *Trojan* Blood,
 Her own Victorious *Greeks* pursu'd;
 On *Ajax* who her Shrine prophan'd.
 On *Ajax* and his impious Band,
 Rain'd Terror with a vengeful Hand.

Let just such Winds and Waves pursue
 That Coxcomb *Mavius*, and his Crew;
 Whilst all his Ship-Mates toil and sweat,
 Let him look pale, his Heart-strings beat,
 And Female Shrieks the Gods intreat.

But neither Cries nor Pray'rs shall move
 The Tempests, or relentless *Jove*:
 The Winds shall bear his Bark away,
 Along the rough *Ionian* Bay,
 To Rocks and Shelves expos'd a Prey.

Then, when the Sea-Birds on the Shore
 His naked stinking Trunk devour,
 Soon as the Winds grow mild and tame,
 From me they may an Offring claim,
 A lustful Goat, or tender Lamb.

ODE XI. *To PETTIUS.*

Since Love possess'd my feeble Heart,
 I've quite forsook my *Lyriek* Art:
 No Breast like mine is rack'd with Pains,
 Where all the wanton Tyrant reigns;

New

New Beauties still my Soul inflame,
 Some lovely Boy, or gentle Dame.
 But three Years since, *Inachia's* Eyes
 Did my unguarded Heart surprize :
 With Shame my amorous Guilt I own,
 How was I rally'd by the Town ?
 Of all those Hours I now repent,
 In Feasting and in Revels spent ;
 When Silence, Languishments, and Sighs,
 Which from the heaving Bosom rise,
 Betray the Lover's secret Pain.
 How often did I then complain,
 That Truth and Virtue were despis'd,
 And only wealthy Coxcombs priz'd ?
 Soon as the God, the generous Bowl,
 Unlock'd the Secrets of my Soul,
 How would I in my Rage protest !
 Resolve to ease my tortur'd Breast !
 Let Winds and Waves my Hopes confound,
 That sooth'd, but could not heal the Wound !
 No more I will ambitious prove,
 But on my Equals fix my Love ;
 Thus I could dare, and boast with you,
 Yet when we part, and bid adieu,
 My stubborn Feet unheeded stray,
 And wander the forbidden Way :
 There at her cruel Door complain,
 And turn my restless Sides with Pain.
 But now *Lyciscus*, lovely Boy,
 Soft as a Maid, is all my Joy ;
 For whom such Torments I endure,
 Nor Jest, nor grave Advice can cure ;
 No Remedy the Pain remove,
 But such another Fit of Love ;
 A gentle Nymph, or Youth as fair,
 Who rolls in Curls his flowing Hair.

E P O D E XII.

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E P O D E XIII.

NOW, whilst the Heav'ns in Clouds are hid,
 And fleecy Snows infest the Ground;
 Whilst Storms grow loud on every Side,
 And Billows roar and Woods resound;

Let us improve the gloomy Hour,
 Now, whilst our Cheeks are green and gay;
 Whilst Youth preserves its blooming Flow'r,
 Let us with Wine drive Care away.

Bring forth the Cask, that bears a Date
 With great *Torquatus* Years and mine:
 For better Times and Stars we wait.
 Why should we fear, or why repine?

With rich Perfumes our Temples crown,
 And let the amorous Lyre be strung:
 For thus to *Thetis'* warlike Son
Chiron, his jovial Tutor, sung:

Con-

Consider, my victorious Boy !
 Though of a Goddess you were born,
 You're destin'd to be slain near *Troy*,
 And never shall to *Greece* return.

When on *Scamander's* Banks you lie,
 Drink and be merry, sport and play;
 Live like a Man who soon must die,
 And cast intruding Care away.

EPODE XIV. To MECÆNAS.

'T IS Death to hear you teaze me so,
 Give o'er, and let me rest:
 I neither dull nor senseless grow,
 But Love has all my Soul possess'd.

For him I quit my promis'd Strains,
 And must forsake the Muse;
 The God through all my Senses reigns,
 Instilling soft *Lethaan* Juice.

Love softens and unbends my Mind,
 Disarms my keenest Spite;
 My *Epodes* can no Passage find,
 Ev'n though *Mecænas* bids me write.

Thus when *Anacreon* lov'd the Boy,
Bathyllus fair and young;
 Love was the Theme that ne'er could cloy,
 He durst attempt no other Song.

Me you can never chide nor blame,
 Too well the Cause you know;
 And feel as rich, as bright a Flame,
 As laid the *Trojan* Ramparts low.

Be happy ; yet amidst your Joys,
 With Pity view my Pains ;
 The wanton *Phryne* is my Choice,
 A Slave, and yet I wear her Chains.

EPODE XV. TO NEÆRA.

TWAS now the silent Hour of Night ;
 The Moon, and every lesser Light
 Saw, to my Arms how close you clung,
 And heard your false protesting Tongue.
 With strict Embraces round my Waste
 You hung, as twining Ivy, fast ;
 Then did the awful Pow'rs invoke,
 And still repeated what I spoke :
 Yet all those solemn Vows you broke.
 You swore, You would be kind, as long
 As Hair on *Phæbus'* Shoulders hung ;
 As long as Wolves the Lamb should rend,
 And fierce *Orion* Storms portend.
 Alas ! what Plagues remain for You,
 Since You are false, and I am true ?
 But do not think, that I can see,
 With Patience, your Inconstancy ;
 Behold you prostitute your Charms,
 And spend whole Nights in other Arms.
 If once you wrong my gen'rous Love,
 No Sighs nor Tears my Soul shall move ;
 Your Charms your Arts shall prove in vain,
 Some kinder Nymph shall ease my Pain,
 Whilst I reject you with Disdain.
 My Rival, the dear happy He,
 Who now insults my Misery,
 May boast his Flocks and wealthy Store,
 And all *Pæstolus'* Golden Oar ;
 A Shape like *Nireus* and a Face,
 The Skill of fam'd *Pythagoras*,

Who

Who could his fading Youth renew;
Yet when he finds you false, untrue,
And perjur'd, he like me shall mourn,
Whilst I may triumph in my Turn.

E P O D E XVI.

THE Years bring round the fatal Age,
When *Rome* shall fall by civil Rage:
Romans by *Romans* shall be slain;
And *Brutes* possess the Earth again.
We by ourselves must fall and bleed,
From whom the *Marsian* Squadrons fled;
Whom nor the *Capuan* could tame,
Nor *Spartacus*, a dreaded Name;
Nor *Gauls*, in wily Falshood skill'd,
Nor *Germans* in the warlike Field;
Nor *Porfena's Etrurian* Force,
Nor he whom all our Matrons curse,
A Foe, more terrible than all,
The hated haughty *Hannibal*.
Barbarians soon shall spoil our Pride,
And Victors o'er our Ruins ride:
From *Romulus's* sacred Urn,
His injur'd Ashes shall be torn,
(What *Roman* such a Sight can bear?)
And scatter'd into common Air.
If you enquire, and fain would know,
How we may shun the coming Wo;
Then listen to this best Advice:
Like the *Phocaans*, timely wise,
Let's fly this Country, and be gone
For ever from this hated Town;
For sake our Fields, and rich Abodes,
The Shrines and Temples of our Gods,
Where Boars may haunt, and Wolves may stray,
Whilst we are wand'ring far away;

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The unknown Seas and Oceans plow,
 Where Waves can roll, and Winds can blow.
 Speak, or let this Advice prevail,
 Before we hoist the fatal Sail,
 And in this smiling lucky Hour,
 For ever leave the impious Shore.
 But first let all the Crew be sworn,
 Never to think of a Return;
 Till Stones can swim, the silver *Po*
 Run back, and up the Mountains flow;
 Till Waves surround the *Apennine*,
 And Brutes in monstrous Couples join;
 The Tiger to the Doe make Love,
 The Kite address the gentle Dove;
 Till Flocks no more the Lion dread,
 And Goats are in the Ocean fed.
 Thus let us make our Journey sure,
 And this accursed Land abjure;
 Let not a Mortal stay behind,
 To propagate a wicked Kind,
 But wretched Slaves to Lust and Fear,
 Reserv'd to stay and perish here.
 Let not your manly Courage fail,
 Whilst by the *Tuscan* Coast we sail;
 A fruitful Shore, and happy Isles,
 Shall crown our Travels and our Toils,
 Where Fields untill'd the Harvest bear,
 And *Ceres* blesses every Year:
 Where Figs and Olive-Trees impart
 Rich Plenty, without Care and Art;
 Where Honey trickles from the Oak,
 And limpid Waters from the Rock;
 The Ewes and She-Goats never fail,
 But come full-laden to the Pail;
 No Wolves disturb the Fold, no Snakes
 Hiss from their Holes, or stir the Brakes.
 New Scenes of Wonder and Delight,
 Affect the Taste, and charm the Sight:
 No ruffling Winds, nor adverse Tides,
 Disturb the Flood, that smoothly glides;

No -

No Heats the temper'd Climate burn,
Nor nipping Frosts destroy the Corn.
The *Argonauts* ne'er touch'd this Shore,
A Country un-enjoy'd before;
This Coast *Medea* never knew,
Nor fam'd *Ulysses*, and his Crew:
Hither no bold *Sidonians* steer,
Nor cast their forked Anchors here:
Here no contagious Humours reign,
No fiery Planets scorch the Plain.
For pious Mortals *Jove* ordain'd,
And set apart this blissful Land,
When first he chang'd the *golden* Race
To hardy *Iron*, and to *Brass*;
Hither, by my Advice, we'll go;
This Country was reserv'd for you.

EPODE XVII. HORACE and CANIDIA.

H O R A C E.

AT length to Witchcraft I submit,
And lie a Suppliant at your Feet:
By Great *Diana's* awful Pow'r,
And *Proserpine*, whom you adore;
By that mysterious Verse, whose Call
Makes Stars go out, and Planets fall,
O mighty Hag! thy Charms forbear;
Retract, and me thus prostrate spare.
Though *Telephus* had aim'd his Lance,
And bad his *Mysian* Troops advance
Against *Achilles*, young and brave,
Yet he the suppliant Prince forgave;
And at King *Priam's* just Request,
The Body of his Son releas'd:
Hector, in Battel on the Plain,
Far from the *Trojan* Ramparts slain;

Though

Though doom'd to Birds and Beasts a Prey,
 He sent the mangled Trunk away ;
 O'er which the *Phrygian* Matrons mourn,
 And bear him to his pompous Urn.
Ulysses' Crew the Ocean rang'd,
 And tho' to Brutal Monsters chang'd,
 In time great *Circe's* Rage appeas'd,
 Who soon her humble Slaves releas'd ;
 Dissolv'd the Charm, and at a Word,
 Their Senses, Shape, and Speech restor'd.
 Thou Darling of the Mob ! relent,
 With Toil and Torture I am spent ;
 My Youth and rosy Bloom are fled,
 Whilst hoary Hairs disgrace my Head ;
 No Rest, no Ease I can obtain,
 But pass my Days and Nights in Pain ;
 My Breath comes short, I heave and pant ;
 My Lungs their due Refreshment want.
 At length the Pow'r of Charms I own,
 And Feats by wond'rous Magick done ;
 How Hags their murd'rous Spells convey,
 And where they hate, Torment and Slay.
 What would you more ? I feel the Flame,
 And on the Gods, and Fates exclaim ;
Ætna is not so hot as I,
 Like *Hercules*, I burn, I fry ;
 When the invenom'd Shirt he wore,
 Dipt in the *Centaur's* scalding Gore.
 Me all your fiery Stores infest,
 And into Ashes turn my Breast.
 How shall I bribe you to assuage
 Your Fury, or appease your Rage ?
 A hundred Bullocks from the Stall,
 To expiate my Crime, shall fall :
 I'll tune my Harp to monstrous Lyes,
 And stick you in the highest Skies ;
 Proclaim, how chaste, how good you are,
 And make you brighter than a Star.
 The Bard, for *Helen's* sake struck blind,
 The Gods by suppliant Pray'r inclin'd

To pity him, restore his Sight,
 And draw the gloomy Veil of Night.
 Do you, like them, relent, and cure
 The raging Torments I endure;
 Restore my Senses, gentle Dame!
 No sordid Birth pollutes your Name;
 You by no hellish Malice led,
 Rake in the Ashes of the Dead:
 Your Heart and Hands are free from Stains,
 And when *Lucina* sends her Pains,
 'Tis no Mock Cry the House Alarms;
 A Real Product fills your Arms.

C A N I D I A.

In vain my Pity you intreat,
 Not Rocks, when Storms and Billows beat,
 Less Mercy to the Sailor show
 Toss'd by the Waves, than I to you,
 Shall you unpunish'd make a Jest
 Of *Cupid's* Rites and solemn Feast?
 Expose me to the laughing Town,
 And blast my Art in vile Lampoon?
 Have I for this implor'd the Aid,
 Of all the Hags that use the Trade?
 And made the Philtre strong in vain,
 Whilst you by Death can ease your Pain?
 But that Request the Fates deny;
 You'll live, to taste fresh Misery.
Prometheus to the Vultur chain'd,
 And *Tantalus* in *Styx* detain'd,
 Thirsting amidst the liquid Deep,
 And *Sisyphus*, who climbs the Steep,
 And rolls the Stone, all long for Rest,
 Whilst *Jove* denies their just Request.
 Thus you shall pine, and find no Ease
 In Daggers, or a Precipice;
 In vain shall knit the fatal Noose,
 And that way seek your wish'd Repose:

Whilst

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Whilst Victory my Art shall crown,
And all the World my Charms shall own.
You saw with too too curious Eyes,
How I by Magick storm'd the Skies;
Call'd down the Moon, gave Life to Dust,
And made the moving Wax a Ghost;
Mixt Drugs and Herbs, provoking Love;
And shall my Art successless prove,
When try'd on you? Shall you disarm
My Skill, or I forget to charm?

The Secular ODE of HORACE.

Queen of the Groves! and God of Day!
Long blest, and ever to be blest;
O hear us, whilst our Vows we pay,
And celebrate the solemn Feast.

Our Boys and Virgins, chaste and young,
For so the *Sibyls* have ordain'd,
Shall to the Gods begin a Song,
The Gods, the Guardians of our Land.

May *Sol*, whose late and early Rays
Are ever Bright and ever New,
In all the Climates he surveys,
No greater State, nor Empire view.

Goddess of Births! protect our Dames,
And crown their Pains with lovely Sons;
Thee we invoke by all the Names,
The sacred Names thy Godhead owns.

Give us a Race mature and strong,
And all those sacred Statutes blest,
That guard the Nuptial Bed from wrong,
And crown the State with fair Increase.

Thus

Thus when the Age comes round again,
Our Songs, and Sports, and solemn Rites,
The crowding *Romans* shall detain,
Three glorious Days, and happy Nights.

The fatal Sisters! who presage
Th' Events of Things with sure Fore-cast,
With Blessings crown the coming Age,
And make it happy as the past.

Let Fruits and Flocks the Year adorn,
Ceres her yellow Garlands wear;
No noxious Vapours hurt the Corn,
Nor taint the Streams, nor blast the Air.

Phœbus! no more in Arms delight,
But let our Youths their Vows obtain:
And thou, fair Empress of the Night,
O, *Luna*! hear our Virgin Train.

Rome by your Godlike Conduct rose,
When to *Etruria*'s happy Shore,
The *Trojans*, rescu'd from their Foes,
Their Gods, their Laws, and Empire bore.

Through Flames, and Toils by Sea and Land,
Their Great *Æneas* led them on,
And taught his *Phrygians* to command
A People greater than their own.

The Gods! with Virtue bless the Young,
Secure the Old from Toil and Care;
Protect our State, our Race prolong,
And make us rich, and great in War.

Listen, ye Pow'rs! when *Cæsar* prays,
Whilst Heifers at the Altar bleed;
Cæsar his suppliant Foes shall raise,
And his victorious Arms succeed.

By

By Sea and Land the vanquish'd *Mede*
Shall humble to the *Roman* Pow'r;
The *Scythian* shall the Senate dread,
And *Latian* Laws confine the *Moor*.

Now *Honour*, *Chastity*, and *Peace*,
Virtue, and banish'd *Faith* return;
Now *Plenty* broods a fair Increase,
And fills with Flow'rs her fragrant Horn.

Phæbus by Auguries renown'd,
To whom the *Muses* owe their Art,
Still makes the sickly *Hale* and *Sound*,
And does the healing Balm impart.

If he beholds, with equal Eyes,
The *Roman* State, and *Latian* Force;
Another happy Age shall rise,
And still grow better in its Course.

Of sacred Hills and Shrines possess'd,
Diana shall in Smiles descend,
And listen to the solemn Priest,
And to our prostrate Youths attend.

Whilst all the Gods and mighty *Jove*
Assent to what the *Chorus* prays;
Their Songs shall charm the Pow'rs above,
With *Phæbus* and *Apollo's* Praise.

F I N I S.



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